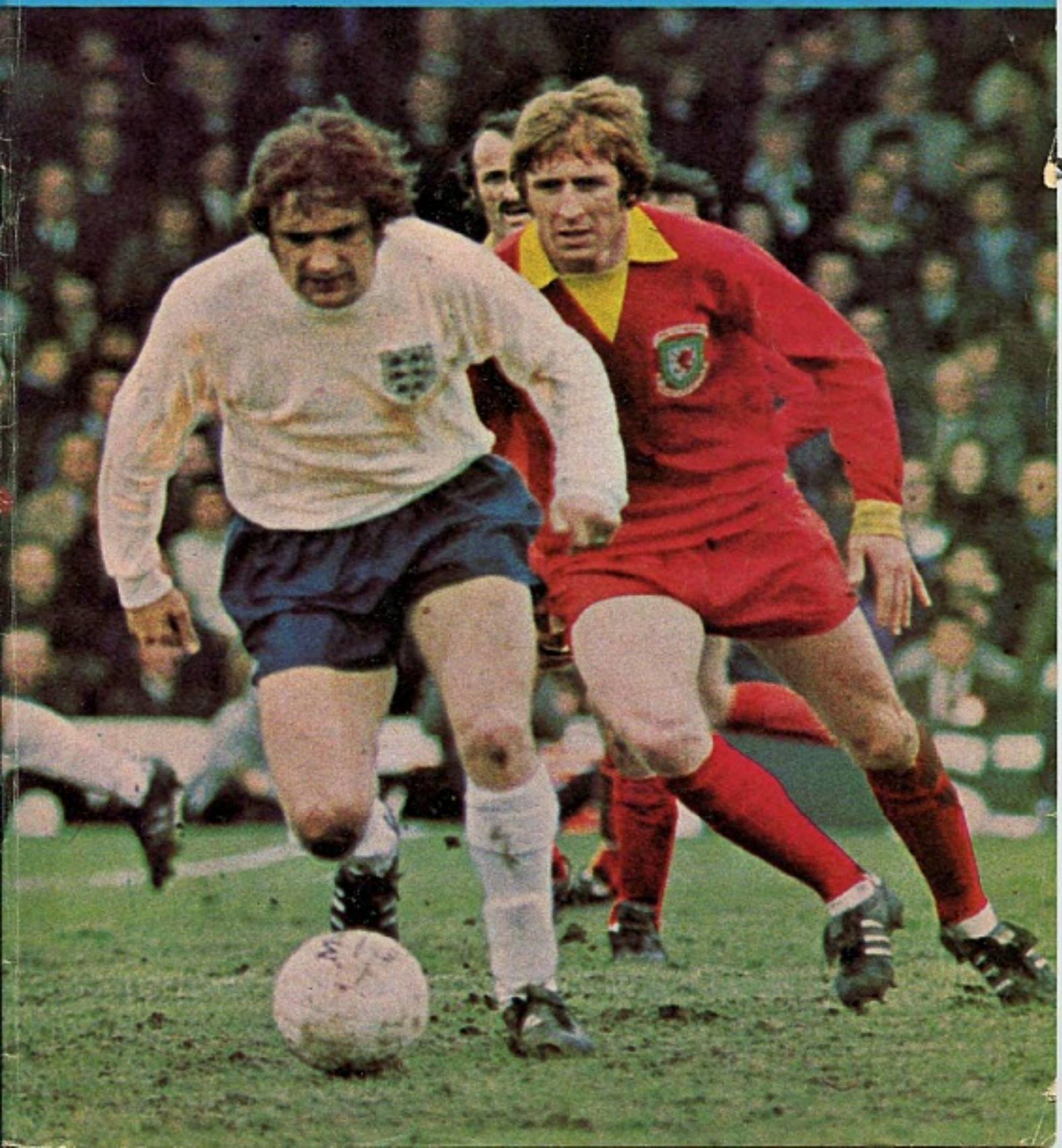
# WORLD SOCCER

20p

The *INTERNATIONAL* Magazine

JULY 1972



Northern Ireland goalkeeper Pat Jennings makes a brilliant one-handed save during the match against England at Wembley which the Irish won 1–0.

WORLD SOCCER
incorporating SOCCER STAR
The INTERNATIONAL Magazine

79 TEMPLE CHAMBERS - LONDON EC4
Telephone: 01-353 5688

Editor PHILIP RISING

Advertisement Manager:
TED WINTER

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JULY WORLD SOCCER 1972
VOL. 12 No. 10

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WORLD SOCCER (incorporating SOCCER STAR) is published monthly by Websters Publications Ltd., 79 Temple Chambers, London, E.C.4, England. Situated at this address are the magazine's Editorial, Advertising and Publishing offices. Printed by The Chesham Press Ltd., Chesham, Buckinghamshire. © Websters Publications Ltd.

# Germans champs

WEST GERMANY'S victory in the European Championship Finals in Belgium signals the end of the last major competitive tournament before the 1974 World Cup. Reports on the closing stages of this tournament appear on pages 5, 6 and 7 of this issue.

They are, undoubtedly, the best side in Europe and emerge as clear favourites for the World Cup on their own terrain. But while manager Helmut Schoen scours the globe seeking out suitable opponents to test his men and keep them in trim, a question mark hangs over the rest of the sides who will form Europe's challenge in 1974.

It is clear that the other European nations are way below the new high standards set by this attacking German side and a lot of rethinking and planning will have to be done in the short space available before the qualifying rounds begin.

The closing stages of the championships were shown in many countries over the Eurovision network. For those of us who couldn't make Belgium, and it would seem, judging from the crowds present for some of the matches, that it was even too far for the Belgians themselves, there was the chance to watch the games in the comfort of our own homes.

But this state of affairs merely underlined how far behind we are, for even our commentators and "experts" can't get their facts right.

If, like myself, you watched the match on London Weekend Television, you will have been appalled by the mistake made by Jimmy Hill, London Weekend's match analyser.

London Weekend put on a special football flavoured edition of their programme "The Golden Shot" as their pre-match entertainment for the Final and the compere, Norman Vaughan, said that the programme was followed by the European Cup Final. The programme had a direct link with Jimmy Hill and his panel in London, and Jimmy, seizing the opportunity, set out to correct Mr. Vaughan, saying: "It's not the European Cup Final, we've already had that Final, it's the Final of the European Nations Cup we are televising!"

If he still had any uncertainty about the correct name of the competition, perhaps he has no doubts now, for surely he, along with the many millions watching, must have noticed the huge banner clearly displayed above the heads of the German players as they lined up for the pre-match preliminaries. It read quite unmistakably—European Championship—or the Belgian equivalent.

Maybe, come 1976 and the next scheduled Finals of the same, he will decide that despite all his efforts it would be best for all concerned to give the tournament its official title.

### COVER PICTURE

England's Norman Hunter moves away after dispossessing Wyn Davies of Wales in the international at Cardiff. Hunter, after many years in the shadow of England skipper Bobby Moore, has been one of the more consistent England players during the past few matches.

# Ajax were clearly so superior

**European Cup Final report by ERIC BATTY**

**SUPERIOR in all departments of the game Ajax retained the European Cup they won last year with a confidence and maturity that suggest they will be very difficult for anyone to beat next season. But without wishing to detract anything from the performance of the Dutchmen, this was not the great game many critics claimed it was. How could it be with Inter so clearly bent on defence and destruction?**

Right from the start Ajax were pushing up with seven and eight men, which showed not only their determination to play an attacking game but also their confidence in themselves and their ability. Time after time they strung together moves of real quality in approach only to find that when they reached the Italian penalty area there were always one too many defenders on hand to turn their positive approach into goals.

It takes two players to make a good pass—the giver and the recipient—and by the same token it requires two teams to make a great game. Watching Inter's clearly defined *catenaccio* in Rotterdam one could not fail to recall the last occasion that the European Cup Final was staged in Holland, and to make a comparison. This was of course the Benfica-Real Madrid affair in which Real led 3-1 at half-time only to lose 3-5 but then, of course, the conditions were right. Both teams wanted to win and believed they could, whereas in Rotterdam only Ajax wanted to win; Inter wanted to avoid defeat.

The following morning the Dutch newspapers screamed headlines that read . . . "Defensive football is dead" . . . but that I am sure is stretching the imagination much too far. Ajax won and deservedly so. Superior in all departments and almost constantly in possession of the ball they must have won many neutral friends with their exhibition but paradoxically it was too grave defensive errors that led to the Ajax goals.

The first, after only two minutes in the second-half, was the result of a misunderstanding between goalkeeper Bordon and Burgnich. A harmless looking cross from the right flank curled high across the Inter penalty area; Bordon came out and either failed to call or Burgnich ignored it. The result was a mid-air collision that left the two Italians spread out at full length on the ground—and the ball at the feet of Johan Cruyff. For once the Italian defence was taken apart for with no other defender within ten yards of him Cruyff had more than enough time to control the ball and stroke it casually home.

**It is true, of course, that constant pressure such as Inter soaked up can eventually lead to errors of this kind but this was a goal that should never have been scored. The same could be said of Ajax's second goal when four Inter defenders stood waiting for the ball to come to them while Keizer's curling free kick from near the left wing corner flag floated in. Cruyff, alert as usual, was on his way, threading a path through the defenders to score with his head which is an unusual event for him.**

## Long passes

From the Ajax point of view they were rarely in any difficulty—underlining the poverty of Inter's ideas. Their hopes seemed to rest on keeping the score sheet blank and whenever possible throwing long passes up to Boninsegna and Mazzola, in the hope that they could conjure up something on their own. Both these players are no mean performers and Mazzola particularly would shine in the Ajax attack but almost alone and unaided they had little chance.

Ajax on the other hand were strong in every department with the midfield trio—Haan, Neeskens and Muhren particularly in evidence. From start to finish they were in control, winning the ball, supporting each other and never afraid to go forward to show themselves for Swart, Cruyff and Keizer. This is what real football is about: win the ball and use it to launch an attack and if the move breaks down go back and do it again.

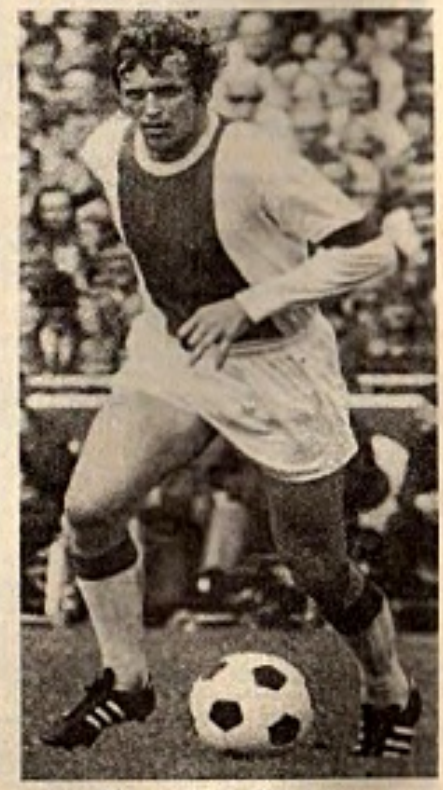
Even further back Ajax were still prepared to be adventurous. Wim Suurbier at right-back, with no one to mark, was always probing up the right flank, sending in a stream of crosses and passes from the right. Early in the game the other full-back, Krol, had advanced to hit a shot from 25 yards that rebounded from Bordon's right hand post (and had him beaten).

**Inter on the other hand took 70 minutes to gain their first corner and had been on the receiving end of a great deal of intelligent attacking play when after an hour they at least began to push men forward in support of Boninsegna. By that time, of course, they had already put in a great deal of stamina-sapping runs to plug holes in their defence and when they did try to gain some semblance of control over the proceedings they discovered they had neither the wit, the stamina nor the combined skills that were necessary.**

Ajax won because they deserved to but comparisons with the great Real Madrid are premature. Give Cruyff time to reach the 30 mark; let Ajax add to their four years of international competition that have done so much to make them what they are then perhaps it could become reality.

True it would be interesting to see how the Del Sol, Di Stefano, Puskas team would cope with a full blooded *catenaccio* but if it is pure conjecture, I believe they would contrive to make clear cut chances . . . which Ajax never did.

From the Inter standpoint it is now clear that several of their most experienced players, headed by Facchetti, are over the hill while their youngsters are not up to the standards demanded at the highest level.



Ajax captain, Piet Keizer.

# Belgians clinch third place

**IN Hungary, when kids play football on an improvised pitch with coats serving as goal-posts, there is a rule that instead of three corner kicks, a "team" is allowed to take a penalty-kick. Judging by the latest disaster, the big-time seniors would be well advised to turn this make-shift law round and take three corners when they are awarded a penalty.**

The double misses of Szoke against Wolves could be dismissed as "just one of those things that makes football", etc. etc., the faux-pas of Kocsis v Rumania at Bucharest was redeemed by the eventual triumph at Belgrade. But Zambo's tragic mis-kick eight minutes from the end of a European Championship semi-final climaxed this series of comedy of errors.

Ignoring the claims of other candidates, team-manager Rudolf Illovszky decided to pick the Belgrade eleven en bloc, thus showing his appreciation for the valiant effort.

The Russians surprised us with the omission of Jevrutsitsin, whose place was taken by the 23-years-old Vladimir Onishenko.

The only bright feature of the open-half-hour was the yellow and black dotted ball, which bobbed about gaily like a beach-ball. Unfortunately, the skill of the players didn't rise above the standard of a holiday kick-about, and the shamefully small crowd had nothing to shout about. In my estimation, there were about 32 Belgians at the start, 1,000 Hungarians, and the members of an obviously overstaffed Soviet Embassy.

Hungary had most of the play, but their build-up was painfully slow. Bene in the middle let himself be swallowed-up by the Russian defence, and Khurtsilava (best player on the pitch), a "correcter" of class—did "correct" the slightest mistake committed by his less inspired colleagues. Kocsis, operating on restricted territory near the centre-circle, managed to conjure-up a few inspired passes, but his total contribution wasn't satisfactory.

Nevertheless, Hungary were the better side, although the Russians looked more dangerous in break-aways. Goalkeepers come in all shapes and sizes. Evgenij Rudakov looked like a world-class basket-ball player, who snuffed out the feeble Hungarian attempts, and then effortlessly tossed the ball as far as the half-way line. Geczi was also constantly in action in the last few minutes of a boring first period and made a great save, snatching a Banishevski lob.

In the 52nd minute, Pancsics headed a centre straight to Konkov, who shot on the volley and the ball rocketed into the left-hand corner past the unsighted Geczi, touching P. Juhasz on its way.

Illovszky, at last realised that the team needed some sort of revitalising elixir, sent on Albert and Dunai for Bene and Kocsis. There was an immediate improvement, and the last thirty minutes' football saved the game from being an absolute waste of time.

Belgium's Raoul Lambert (white shirt) scores his country's first goal against Hungary.

**LESLIE VERNON reports on the European Championship**

Albert put through Dunai in the 82nd minute, and when he was charged-off the ball, the benevolent ref., Glockner, gave a penalty. The pre-match volunteer for the ordeal was Sandor Zambo, and several of the Hungarian players turned their backs on the execution not daring to look. The Dozsa winger hit the ball to Rudakov's left, and the goalie pushed it sideways. Szoke, following-up, hit the side netting. The incredible did happen —Hungary missed yet another penalty, and were denied a place in the final.

I was particularly impressed with young Baidachni and Troshkin in a Russian side, which looked well below its usual workmanlike best.

**Three days later, the Magyars had to play-off for third place in Liege against the hosts. Surprisingly, only 8,000 people turned up—a figure which questions the wisdom of staging these matches in Belgium.**

Kozma came in on the right wing for Szoke, otherwise the team which finished the match at Brussels was selected.

Illovszky, hoping for a draw—and a shared third place—played 4-4-2, with only Dunai and Kozma staying up-front.

It has also reached my ears that Raymond Goethals, the Belgian boss, would have been happy with a draw. Under these circumstances, there wasn't much point in playing this match at all. It turned out to be a bad-tempered, nasty little affair, with the Belgians constantly ankle-tapping, tactical fouling and elbowing into unguarded stomachs. If there is such a thing as "total football", the Hungarians played "football naive". Like the proverbial farmer's lad in the big city, they "bought" every Belgian trick, and their own efforts were clumsy and cumbersome.

Lambert dribbled past the entire defence for the first goal, and a laughable misunderstanding between Geczi and Pancsics presented Van Himst (his 69th international—a new Belgian record) with a simple goal.

Yet again a sub—in this case Szucs—changed the rhythm of the Hungarians' play, and they were far superior in the second-half.

Dunai was pushed in the penalty box, and the over-patient Swedish ref., Bostrom, pointed dramatically to the spot. This time, Ku—miracle of miracles —scored with a cunning low shot.

To be fourth in Europe is no disgrace, but the Hungarians' football saddened me. They have a great deal to learn. The defence, apart from P. Juhasz (v Russia) and the consistent Balint, was shaky, the covering poor. Juhasz works hard at midfield, but he is not an imaginative player.

Of the creative ones, only Ku may be regarded as a white hope for the future.

I still have confidence in Illovszky, but he—and the other coaches—have a lot of work to do before the vital World Cup game against Austria on October 15.

# Germans overrun poor Russians...

**European Championship Final report from ROGER MACDONALD**

**THE cobblestones of Brussels rang to the sound of hunting horns as the supporters of West Germany celebrated their team's victory in the European Championship. Restaurants and bars remained open almost until dawn, as the Belgian beer flowed and flowed, and German flags fluttered everywhere in the tiny streets. But the police looked on amiably and turned a deaf ear to complaints from local residents; as one of them said to me, holding firmly on to his silver cap to prevent it being stolen by an over-zealous reveller: "With a team like Germany, they've good reason to celebrate."**

As indeed they had: West Germany's 3-0 defeat of Russia was not only a victory for a superb team over one that was little better than mediocre. It was, above all, a victory for intelligent, attacking football.

The West German manager, Helmut Schoen, told me after the final: "I believe we showed today that there is more to modern football than massed defence. I hope our win here will be a lesson for soccer around the world. I am certain that defensive soccer, and the formations that teams adapt to play that kind of game, must be abandoned at all costs. The game must flow. One must attack at least as often as one defends.

"If you ask me why our team is so good, I would answer that it is because we have found just the right blend of team spirit, physical strength, tactical discipline and the spirit of adventure. We have all the strengths of the South Americans in ball control, and passing ability, but we also have the physical and moral attributes of the best European sides.

"The days when a team like Internazionale can win a competition purely by defensive football have gone for good. We proved here that the modern game is an attacking one, even against a team with the physical powers of the Russians. As you saw here, they held us to one goal in the first half with a mixture of strong defensive play and a certain amount of luck. But in the second half we ran them off their feet and the game was won within a quarter of an hour."

**No one could begrudge Helmut Schoen's success—especially as this is the first team he has built up entirely on his own, a team that owes practically nothing to the era of Sepp Herberger and Uwe Seeler. It has, in essence, all the ingredients of a great side, although that greatness is still only promised, not entirely fulfilled.**

The victorious West Germans with Franz Beckenbauer holding the European Championship trophy, celebrate after the match.

## Ability

The key factor in the European Championship Final was West Germany's ability to vary their attacks with such momentum and imagination that the Russians' counter-moves plugged a few of the gaps, but never challenged the Germans' possession of the ball. Put in simple terms, if they retreated to their own penalty area, the Germans ran at them in strength, inter-passing at high speed, throwing extra men into the attack, so that a clean break was always a possibility and indeed was achieved twice in the opening 15 minutes of the second half. And if the Russians pushed up, began to challenge midway in their own half, Gunther Netzer and Franz Beckenbauer used the long ball to deadly effect, putting the Russian goal in even greater danger.

## Neat

But for Rudakov between the Soviet posts, the final score would have been much higher. Two of his saves were truly magnificent—a dive to his left to block a shot from Gerd Muller at close range, after Kramers had made the opening with as neat a piece of footwork as one could hope to see; and a plunge to his right to hold a fierce downward header from Heynckes that had the crowd shouting goal.

West German captain Franz Beckenbauer coming out top once again to thwart a Russian attack.

**Rudakov also did extremely well to stop another shot from Heynckes which seemed to be on the point of curling into goal by the far post; but Gerd Muller, the man Schoen describes as the scorer of "little goals", was on the spot to chest the ball down and slide it home. But as Hoeness and Netzer had already struck the Russian woodwork, they could have no complaints about this particular score.**

## Flagged

Against England, the West Germans had visibly flagged during the second half at Wembley, and with the Soviet Union having the reputation of being a second-half side, one wondered whether Germany had paced themselves. The answer came swiftly. Wimmer, a veritable steam engine in midfield, started a move on the left and kept on running. Heynckes, whose contribution to this match was considerable, gave him a perfect return pass which Wimmer struck into the corner of the net. Rudakov got his left hand to the ball but could only slow its movement, not deflect it.

He looked disappointed: but his saves had already defied all mathematical odds.

Five minutes later came a third German goal which once again illustrated their supreme versatility. Schwarzenbeck, operating until now an orthodox stopper centre-half role, crossed the halfway line for the first time. The Russians fell back, failed to produce a challenge, and once again Heynckes provided the return pass. Schwarzenbeck, now on the edge of the area, shaped to shoot but instead slipped the ball to Muller, who had created space for himself just inside the box. With the ball at his feet, Muller was lethal, and Rudakov elected to dive as he shot—chose the wrong direction and was beaten comprehensively.

Thereafter, the Russians largely gave up the ghost. Apart from two stinging drives by their captain, Khurtsilava, and some clever moves by Kolotov, who ran and ran into open spaces but never received one telling pass, they looked largely impotent against a competent but never entirely composed German defence. And as the minutes ticked by, German supporters began to mass on the touch-line—waiting for the final whistle which by now was almost a formality.

# MULLER DOUBLE FINISHES BELGIUM

**WEST GERMANY 2, BELGIUM 1**

**BELGIUM had hoped that their own noisy supporters would lift them in this European Championship semi-final—but they were to be disappointed. The German fans, with bugle, klaxon and hunting horn, made at least as much din—and much more when the Germans asserted their superiority.**

**The Belgians began well enough, containing the German attack for more than 20 minutes, but they had not reckoned on the unpredictable genius of Muller—who again showed what a devastating finisher he is, no matter the odds against him. When Netzer flouted the ball into the box, it seemed odds on that a defender or the goalkeeper, Piot, would reach the ball first—but Muller got up like some astronaut demonstrating weightlessness and headed sweetly into goal. Piot was so surprised by Muller's intervention that he did not raise his hands until a good second after the ball had passed him by.**

## Bemused

**Belgium carried the game to Germany at the start of the second half, when Maier made a series of competent saves under considerable pressure, until, in the final quarter, Muller provided the killer blow. Again it was Netzer who provided the ammunition, with a long ball from the halfway line. Again the defence and Piot seemed certain to reach the ball first. But Muller got in behind them with a darting run, took possession and shot in one gliding moment, and once again Piot was left stranded and bemused as the ball sailed into the net.**

**Polleunis did reduce West Germany's lead soon afterwards, hooking the ball round Schwarzenbeck with a hit-or-miss attempt that caught Maier completely unsighted, but Germany never lost their composure. They were the better side, and they knew it.**

**★ ROGER MACDONALD**

# Ramsey o

**MUCH has already been written about the implications of England's defeat by West Germany and will doubtless continue to fill and spill the sporting columns in the months ahead.**

But taking a calmer look at the entire situation from the distance of a month or so can produce a far different analysis.

Firstly the criticism which was levelled at England's failure was naturally directed at Sir Alf Ramsey. It is therefore only right and proper to look at the record Sir Alf has established for himself and the team since he assumed control as England's team manager in 1963—not only in the light of cold hard facts but also from the mirror of actual performance particularly since the 1970 World Cup.

Before the bare figures a few factual remarks: without any doubt England has achieved more success during Ramsey's reign than at any other time in the history of the game in this country.

Ramsey's first match in charge of the side was ironically the second worst defeat suffered by the team in his career to date. It was a European Nations Cup match in France during the aftermath of the big freeze up in England when there had been little or no football played and the side was suffering from lack of match practice. There were sufficient legitimate excuses to file away the 5-2 defeat.

A further defeat followed against Scotland but once Ramsey had sorted the team out the results improved for a year before the Scots again defeated England by the odd goal.

But worse was to follow and in a tournament held in Rio in 1964 the Brazilians shattered the confidence which was being built up with a 5-1 trouncing. This particular series of chastisements ended with Argentina beating England 1-0 and it was a long haul back to respectability.

Still even by 1965 defeats were still not uncommon. The Austrians came to Wembley and had the audacity to win 3-2 but that was the end of the reverses for a while and 1966 was a vintage year of course.

**During it Ramsey weeded out the players he either could not get on with or would not look at the game in his way. He also instilled into his squad the feeling that they were unbeatable even if they were not until gradually the miracle happened and they believed it themselves. More important perhaps so did everyone else. The crystallisation of this chemical change of the constituents of the England squad came about during the pre-World Cup tour of 1966.**

Scandinavia and Eastern Europe provided the beat and the cannon fodder at first. The Finns floundered 3-0, the Norwegians knuckled under 6-1 and even the Poles though more polished were powerless and lost 1-0.

Spirits were high for the World Cup yet there was a rude awakening in the opening game. The Uruguayans knew a little more than England did about the business of qualifying for the quarter-finals at the time. What happened afterwards is well-thumbed history.

England struggled through unimpressive victories against Mexico and France with the attack being chopped and changed in desperation for a successful formula. Then came the farce against Argentina—scarcely a contest against ten men and it was not before the semi-final that England played anything like World Champion contenders. The Portuguese were beaten and so were the Germans in that drama-soaked final—disputed goals or not.

Contrary to some theories it was not Sir Alf who did away with wingers and invented 4-3-3. But he put them so out of fashion that they virtually disappeared from the domestic scene.

In the intervening years between the World Cup competition the first team to defeat England was, of course, the Scots. Then came the Germans to gain some revenge winning 1-0 in a friendly, but in the European Championship matches England reached the last four before they lost by the only goal to Yugoslavia. It was a blow but not a disastrous one, and apart from another defeat against Brazil 2-1—achieved late in the game after a tiring match and tour in South America, the general prospects for defending the title in Mexico were good allowing for the altitude, heat and foreign terrain.

In preparation the 4-3-3 formation became less adventurous and was really a 4-4-2 in effect. This was to suit the needs of defending a title.

**England's matches had produced midfield control because of the welter of players in the middle of the park. But Ramsey's constant complaint that the front line failed to take its chances to any reasonable degree was valid but by restricting the number of players who were in the right place at the right time —in front of goal—merely made this problem an almost insoluble one.**

Teams who came to England to defend like the Rumanians and Bulgarians did so successfully because they were not panicked into mistakes by pressure. Then they were able to break out and snatch a draw. On travel England found it easier to succeed because the temptation to attack was too much for the host team—a ploy which played into England's hands.

In Mexico one goal was enough to beat Rumania, and then the Brazilians continued their successful record against England with a single goal victory. Perhaps the most unbiased view of the match was that a draw would have been a fair result. Only a penalty put the Czechoslovakians out of it and then

## RAMSEY'S RECORD

**1963**

**France 5, England 2**
**England 1, Scotland 2**
**England 1, Brazil 1**
**Czechoslovakia 2, England 4**
**East Germany 1, England 2**
**Switzerland 1, England 8**
**Wales 0, England 4**
**England 2, Rest of World 1**
**England 5, N Ireland 3**

**1964**

**Scotland 1, England 0**
**England 2, Uruguay 1**
**Portugal 3, England 4**
**Eire 1, England 3**
**USA 0, England 10**
**Brazil 5, England 1**
**Portugal 1, England 1**
**Argentina 1, England 0**
**Ireland 3, England 4**
**England 2, Belgium 2**
**England 2, Wales 1**
**Holland 1, England 1**

**1965**

**England 2, Scotland 2**
**England 1, Hungary 0**
**Yugoslavia 1, England 1**
**West Germany 0, England 1**
**Sweden 1, England 2**
**Wales 0, England 0**
**England 2, Austria 3**
**England 2, N Ireland 1**
**Spain 0, England 2**

**1966**

**England 1, Poland 1**
**England 1, West Germany 0**
**Scotland 3, England 4**
**England 2, Yugoslavia 0**
**Finland 0, England 3**
**Norway 1, England 6**
**Poland 0, England 1**
**England 0, Uruguay 0**
**England 2, Mexico 0**
**England 2, France 0**
**England 1, Argentina 0**
**England 2, Portugal 1**
**England 4, West Germany 2**
**Ireland 0, England 2**
**England 0, Czechoslovakia 0**
**England 5, Wales 1**

**1967**

**England 2, Scotland 3**
**England 2, Spain 0**
**Austria 0, England 1**
**Wales 0, England 3**
**England 2, N Ireland 0**
**England 2, USSR 2**

**1969**

**England 1, Rumania 1**
**England 5, France 0**
**N Ireland 1, England 3**
**England 2, Wales 1**
**England 4, Scotland 1**
**Mexico 0, England 0**
**Uruguay 1, England 2**
**Brazil 2, England 1**
**Holland 0, England 1**
**England 1, Portugal 0**

**1970**

**England 0, Holland 0**
**Belgium 1, England 3**
**Wales 1, England 1**
**England 3, N Ireland 1**
**Scotland 0, England 0**
**Colombia 0, England 4**
**Ecuador 0, England 2**
**England 1, Rumania 0**
**England 0, Brazil 1**
**England 1, Czechoslovakia 0**
**England 2, West Germany 3**
**England 3, East Germany 1**

**1971**

**Malta 0, England 1**
**England 3, Greece 0**
**England 5, Malta 0**
**N Ireland 0, England 1**
**England 0, Wales 0**
**England 3, Scotland 1**
**Switzerland 2, England 3**
**England 1, Switzerland 1**
**Greece 0, England 2**

**1972**

**England 1, West Germany 3**
**West Germany 0, England 0**

# r Schoen?

## WHO HAS THE BETTER RECORD?

came the match with West Germany.

Two goals up, England were coasting to victory or so it seemed. Then came the substitutions and the German comeback.

That is the bare bones of the story and this has been the record from 1971:

**Malta 0 England 1**

Bone-hard pitch and a match which produced nothing except the result, a slender, one-goal win.

**England 3 Greece 0**

Against a defensive Greek side, lacking Panathinaikos players, England found the network against them difficult to penetrate.

**England 5 Malta 0**

The Maltese were even more defensive but still succumbed through the intensity of pressure.

**Ireland 0 England 1**

Controversial winner for England which began with a suspected hand-ball and finished with an offside goal.

**England 0 Wales 0**

The Welsh eleven achieved a draw which did nothing to commend England's attacking strength.

**England 3 Scotland 1**

A better performance from the England attack and a game which was above the others of previous vintage.

**Switzerland 2 England 3**

A lucky win: the Swiss had the best two goals and only an own-goal gave England victory.

**England 1 Switzerland 1**

The Swiss did not come merely to defend they gave a fine performance in midfield to contain England and deserved their draw.

**Greece 0 England 2**

A stronger Greek side were well beaten in the end; England benefiting from a team playing at home and attacking them.

**England 1 West Germany 3**

The scoreline flattered the Germans a little but not the result. It was only England's fifth defeat on their own terrain against foreign opposition.

**West Germany 0 England 0**

A draw which England played for and Germany were content to give away.

While Ramsey is the longest serving manager of a national side in Europe, Helmut Schoen is the next longest reigning boss. He took over on April 29, 1964, against Czechoslovakia and also found defeat at the first opportunity.* This game ended in a 4-3 win for the Czechs on German soil. And it took a visit from the Cypriots to produce Germany's first win at home.

In the World Cup, defeat came only in the last match against England, of course, but from the Teutonic viewpoint the controversy of the in-off-the-crossbar goal was too much.

* It was eight years to the day that he led his side to victory at Wembley.

**The programme up to the 1970 World Cup was basically a good one and if England matches with Wales and Ireland could not be really considered as tremendous tests of skill, neither can matches that the Germans played against Cyprus and Albania. The only difference is that while England have ridden roughshod over Wales and Ireland every year, the Germans' cantering has been less frequent.**

In Mexico the Germans bowed down finally to Italy in an exhausting, farcical semi-final but since then, apart from defeats by Yugoslavia and Sweden, it has been success all the way for Schoen's squad.

The Germans have had a better record over the last year than England. In ten matches up to and including the two with England they had won seven, drawn two and lost only one, scoring 25 and conceding five. In nine games England had won five, drawn three and lost one with 16 goals for and seven against.

The overall comparisons of the two teams since they have been led by their present managers produces these figures: England played 94, won 59, drawn 22, lost 13; the Germans played 78, won 49, drawn 17, lost 12.

This gives England a clear advantage in terms of pure results, but if you realise that 13 of these victories and three of the drawn games occurred against Wales and Ireland in 16 matches, a different reflection is put on matters. Then add two wins over Malta and it's quite another story.

To even matters up the withdrawal of the German matches with Albania and Cyprus takes away seven wins and one drawn out of eight.

The Germans, too, have a win over Ireland and two draws with Wales to be considered in this context.

**Schoen has a world-class striker in Gerd Muller—the best in the world and acknowledged by Ramsey to be the most dangerous in the penalty area. They have a world-class defender in Franz Beckenbauer and a more than useful midfield player in Gunter Netzer. They play a more fluid, attacking game than England.**

England have a better defence—or at least one which is equally as good at full strength as the Germans and are more physical. Gordon Banks and Bobby Moore are outstanding defenders, and Roy McFarland is our best centre-half for ages. But we lack real class in midfield and have no reliable marksmen up front. And more pointedly the Germans have more technical skill.

Yet for the record, England has won the World Cup; Germany will have to wait until 1974 to try for it. Still, the Germans are on their way up the scale while England are probably past their best.

## SCHOEN'S RECORD

**1964**

West Germany 3, Czech. 4
West Germany 2, Scotland 2
Finland 1, West Germany 4
West Germany 1, Sweden 1

**1965**

West Germany 1, Italy 1
West Germany 5, Cyprus 0
West Germany 0, England 1
Switzerland 0, W Germany 1
Brazil 2, West Germany 0
Sweden 1, West Germany 2
Austria 1, West Germany 4
Cyprus 0, West Germany 6

**1966**

England 1, West Germany 0
Holland 2, West Germany 4
Eire 0, West Germany 4
N Ireland 0, W Germany 2
West Germany 1, Rumania 0
W Germany 2, Yugoslavia 0.
W Germany 5, Switzerland 0
W Germany 0, Argentina 0
West Germany 2, Spain 1
West Germany 4, Uruguay 0
West Germany 2, USSR 1
England 4, West Germany 2
Turkey 0, West Germany 2
West Germany 3, Norway 0

**1967**

West Germany 5, Morocco 1
West Germany 1, Bulgaria 0
West Germany 6, Albania 0
Yugoslavia 1, W Germany 0
West Germany 5, France 1
W Germany 3, Yugoslavia 1
Rumania 1, West Germany 0
Albania 0, West Germany 0

**1968**

Belgium 1, West Germany 3
Switzerland 0, W Germany 0
Wales 1, West Germany 1
West Germany 1, England 0
West Germany 2, Brazil 1
France 1, West Germany 1
Austria 0, West Germany 2
Cyprus 0, West Germany 1
Brazil 2, West Germany 2
Chile 2, West Germany 1
Mexico 0, West Germany 0

**1969**

West Germany 1, Wales 1
Scotland 1, West Germany 1
West Germany 1, Austria 0
West Germany 12, Cyprus 0
Austria 1, West Germany 1
Bulgaria 0, West Germany 1
West Germany 3, Scotland 2

**1970**

Spain 2, West Germany 0
West Germany 1, Rumania 1
West Germany 2, Eire 1
W Germany 1, Yugoslavia 0
West Germany 2, Morocco 1
West Germany 5, Bulgaria 2
West Germany 3, Peru 1
West Germany 3, England 2
West Germany 3, Italy 4
West Germany 1, Uruguay 0
West Germany 3, Hungary 1
West Germany 1, Turkey 1
Yugoslavia 2, W Germany 0
Greece 1, West Germany 3

**1971**

Albania 0, West Germany 1
Turkey 0, West Germany 3
West Germany 2, Albania 0
Norway 1, West Germany 7
Sweden 1, West Germany 0
Denmark 1, W Germany 3
West Germany 5, Mexico 0
Poland 1, West Germany 3
West Germany 0, Poland 0

**1972**

Hungary 0, West Germany 2
England 1, West Germany 3
West Germany 0, England 0

## EUROPEAN CUP NOTEBOOK BY LESLIE VERNON

# Rivals ignore Final

**ROTTERDAM have decided to ignore the European Cup Final. The indignity of staging the show match of the year featuring their arch-rivals, was too much for the burghers to bear, so they pretended that the thing had never happened.**

I felt the first indication of this resentment at the airport, where I informed the Customs officer (unnecessarily) of the reason for my visit and received in response an icy look and the incredible statement: "I have never been to Amsterdam, Sir."

The town went about its business in the usual orderly manner, only a few limp pennants hanging in the windows of souvenir shops hinted at the battle ahead.

The Mayor of Rotterdam gave an extremely dry reception for the Press, and since food was also in short supply, the affair petered out in half-an-hour.

Even the teams stayed outside city limits, and the Ajax camp was barricaded against intruders after a cursory Monday afternoon Press conference.

Since I was determined to talk to their manager, but didn't fancy a possible fruitless journey to the village of Duinoord, I dialled a "simple" number 017514102!

**Surprisingly, it wasn't Los Angeles on the other end of the line but the Hotel Wassenaar, barely 20 km. outside Rotterdam. I remember the current Ajax boss when he was Kovacs IV Istvan, a hard-working, but not particularly inspired wing-half, who played for KAC in a small town situated in Transylvania. The Hungarians called the place Kolozsvar, the Rumanians, Cluj, and the neutrals, a right old dump.**

Kovacs, now 51, is a pugnacious little man, verbose and confident, not unlike Puskas, but without Pancho's personal charisma and sense of humour. Nevertheless, Ajax and the European Cup elevated him into the ranks of that select band of globe-trotting coaches, changing not only clubs but countries as well.

He answered the phone in Dutch and then when I replied in English, offered to talk to me in any one of six different languages. We selected Hungarian, although the conversation centred around Ajax and English football. "We'll win tonight," he said, "because we have the better players and the better tactical plan. I believe in the current philosophy of 'total football', which means that every player is involved in every move. We run off-the-ball intelligently, and move in units. There is no danger of getting isolated up front or losing midfield domination through being outnumbered. As our ball control is perfect, we can play the game at our own pace and change the rhythm if necessary.

**"The full-backs will attack the Italians on the wing, Neeskens will take care of Mazzola and will also be part of the general pattern. Cruyff and Keizer are allowed to do whatever they like. Only an idiot would instruct such players—the genius is there, why interfere with it?**

"The trouble with your football (mine?) is that it is too frantic. English players run around at a mad pace getting nowhere. The important skills are coached out of them, there is too much blackboard mumbo-jumbo. I have seen six English First Division games, and not once did a player surprise me with a witty solution or the unexpected. What you need are a few foreign coaches who would encourage the players to express themselves. 'Total football' is the game designed for the seventies. Unless the English managers accept this, they won't win anything big in the future."

The match itself was, of course, a joy to watch. It filled me with an inner happiness, because it restated that this magnificent game still has something new to offer, and that the thugs masquerading as footballers are fighting a losing battle. For once, we (the Press) were the "mountain" and the players and managers came to see us after the Final.

Stephan Kovacs was surrounded by admirers, microphones, TV cameras and journalists hungry for tomorrow's news.

### Trumps

**"Will Ajax play for the World Cup Trophy against Independiente?" The The manager used up five of the languages at his disposal, telling them (quite rightly) that he had just won the greatest victory in his life, and did not wish to comment on future plans.**

Then he spotted me in the crowd and said in Hungarian: "You see, everything has happened exactly as I told you. All my cards came up trumps. Sorry, I can't talk much, the Queen is waiting." Kovacs IV of KAC had certainly travelled a long way from Cluj!

### Enjoyed

**I travelled to Rotterdam with a party of 20 people from Hampton, Middlesex, who won the trip in a sporting quiz. They enjoyed the game immensely and were full of praise for Ajax. Their concept of Continental football, gained solely from newspapers (shirt-pulling, body-checking, fake injuries and other fantasies), was blown sky-high, but they felt the need to hang on to some of their long-held beliefs.**

"Celtic would have given them a better game," said one. "They beat Celtic 3-0 last season," answered Kevin, who must have been the memory man in the quiz game.

"Leeds would have," ventured someone else. "Leeds, Leeds" they all repeated, reassured that the home product was the best after all.

"I can hardly wait until next season," broke in Roy, a clerk from West London. "Our first game is against Halifax. Brentford v. Halifax."

He reminded me of the man sitting in the Savoy Grill dreaming about eating fish and chips out of a newspaper.

### Mistaken

**When the bus carrying the journalists arrived back from the ground to the main square, it was mistaken by the delirious Ajax supporters as the one bringing their beloved team.**

About 5,000 of them stormed the bus, tore of the door open, and lifted me on their shoulders in triumph.

Seared stiff, I screamed: "World Soccer, World Soccer!" They dropped me immediately.

### Lost again

**Two current football jokes heard in Rotterdam: "What did Ramsey tell his players before the match at Berlin?" "Well, boys, you lost this tie once, go out there and lose it again!"**

The Feyenoord coach, Happel, phoned Kovacs and asked for his advice. "You won the Dutch League, the Cup and the European Cup, what's the secret?"

"It's simple," answered the Ajax boss, "you buy 11 barrels, put them on the pitch at the beginning of training, and give your boys a ball each. Tell them to dribble round the barrels, and then shoot for goal."

Happel thanked him and asked his directors to authorise money for the new equipment. This was done, and the revolutionary training programme began.

But two days later, Happel once again phoned Kovacs. "Listen, the barrels are winning 2-0, what shall I do now?"

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2. An entrant may make three entries for each issue of World Soccer magazine. Plain paper entries will not be accepted. Any further entries must be on World Soccer coupons.
3. Entries should be received by us not later than July 9, 1972. Entries received after this date will be ignored.
4. No responsibility is accepted for entries lost or delayed in transit. Illegible or ambiguous entries will be declared void. Mark your entry carefully and clearly.
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.....

(3a) The picture was taken in.....

(3b) It signifies.....

.....

In 15 words say why you would like to go to GERMANY to see the World Cup Finals.

.....

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# RAMSEY—HAS HE BECOME A 'SACRED COW'?

**FOR over sixty relatively glorious years, England never had a team manager. During that period, they did not lose a match at home to foreign opposition, surviving at times the challenge of the brilliant Austrians (1932) and the rough Italians (1934), not to mention the Spaniards and Hungarians, whom they simply annihilated. On only one, recorded occasion, did anything resembling a team manager—and that quite clandestinely, if one may say so—appear. It was in 1933, when England were playing Italy, in Rome. Vittorio Pozzo, Italy's team manager, or *Commissario Tecnico*, was surprised, when he visited the dressing-rooms at half-time, to find his old friend, Herbert Chapman, Arsenal's manager, bustling about. "I'm trying to do the same thing for my team," he told Pozzo, "as you are doing for yours." It was, in the event, a 1–1 draw.**

## South American Cup completed

**BUENOS AIRES, Argentina: INDEPENDIENTE of Argentina won the South American Cup here with a lack-lustre 2-1 victory over Universitario of Lima, Peru, to qualify to meet Ajax Amsterdam for the world club title. This match was the second leg of the final. The two teams drew 0-0 in Lima.**

**Victory gave Independiente the cup for the third time since the tournament began in 1960 and brought it to Argentina for the seventh time. Independiente's earlier wins were in 1964 and 1965.**

**Universitario were the first club from the west coast of South America to reach the final, but they never appeared to have a chance of winning against Independiente.**

**Independiente striker Maglioni gave the Argentinian crowd of 70,000 early hopes of a runaway victory when he scored after six minutes. He added another in the second half, but generally the crowd, on the eve of national independence celebrations, had little to cheer about.**

**Universitario reduced the arrears in the 79th minute through Rojas and for a while the game livened up. But Independiente retained their dominance until the final whistle.**

Not till after the Second World War did England at last appoint a team manager, in the shape of Walter Winterbottom, a former student at the Carnegie College of Physical Education, and a Manchester United centre-half, who'd served with the RAF in the war and been chosen as an England reserve (a fact few people remember or know).

Winterbottom's reign was long and, generally speaking, modest. It is greatly to his credit that he managed to get England to the finals of four World Cups, but in those finals they never got beyond the quarter-final round. He also presided over the disaster of November 1953, at Wembley, when Hungary thrashed England 6-3; and over the still more deplorable return match when England, who had surely had time enough to learn something by then, went down in Budapest 7-1.

### Committee

In Winterbottom's defence and favour, it may be said that he had to work under the burden of a selection committee, necessitating all kinds of ludicrous compromise; the said committee being made up, Heaven help us, of league club directors, than which, etc. On the other hand, there is equally little doubt that at times Winterbottom was able to use this as a defence. In Sweden, during the World Cup of 1958, he seemed emphatically in charge, imposing the teams he wanted on a pliable committee; and those teams seemed to most of us who were there at the time sadly ill conceived.

Winterbottom was never, let it be stressed, sacked. He resigned of his own free will in 1962, when Denis Follows and not he, Sir Stanley Rous's protégé in the exact sense of the word (protected

indeed, and against all comers and critics), was chosen to be the new Football Association secretary.

Winterbottom's position was almost exactly that of a Civil Servant, who remains unshakably in office while ministers and their governments fall. To a certain extent, and in no spirit of abuse, it may be said that he had power without responsibility, since whatever the brickbats launched at him in the press, he held his office quite inviolably.

### Revolution

Nor should it be forgotten that Winterbottom had a second job; or rather, in his own estimation, a first job, since he publicly stated that he considered it the more important. As director of coaching (*not* chief coach, as the present incumbent once firmly reminded me) he was the high priest of the coaching revolution, begun by Rous and Jimmy Hogan before the war.

England team manager Sir Alf Ramsey, with his West German counterpart, Helmet Schoen.

Given the complaints Ramsey has made about his job, and its predicament, perhaps Winterbottom's feelings were understandable. For the trouble is that there is only just so much you can *do* as a national team manager. At least Winterbottom had his days abundantly full, his time perpetually occupied.

## Harness

**Examples, of course, may be given of managers who have stayed in harness much longer than the ten years of Ramsey, or even the 17 years of Winterbottom, and succeeded. There was Vittorio Pozzo, who, be it noted, was put in charge of the Italian team as early as the 1912 Olympics; over 30 years before England decided that a team manager was necessary! After several false starts, Pozzo at last took over the *azzurri* for more than 20 years, running from the Olympic tournament of 1928 in Amsterdam to the—for Italy—disastrous London tournament of 1948.**

Pozzo, as we know, exploited the euphoria and the chauvinism of the inter-war Fascist era to build the kind of team spirit which would be virtually unthinkable in Italy today; or in most other countries, if it comes to that. He was an authoritarian, by his own admission. "Kind, with a strong hand," was how he once put it to me. "If I make mistakes, I lose my authority."

His innings was not only a long one, but a splendid one, for Italy twice won the World Cup, both in 1934 and in 1938. Few other team managers have done as well. Sepp Herberger of Germany, however, stayed in office even longer than Pozzo, taking over a demoralised German team just before that 1938 World Cup, winning the 1954 World Cup with it, and retiring at last only after he had guided them to the quarter-finals in Chile in 1962.

It is inevitable that all managers outlive their usefulness, some more quickly than others. I am fully conversant with Alf Ramsey's splendid contribution to English football, but I was convinced that he had done all that he could, and was no longer a progressive influence, long before those disastrous matches against West Germany and Northern Ireland. Ramsey went off the boil much more quickly than Pozzo, not least in a tactical sense, but then it might fairly be argued that tactical evolution takes place far more quickly nowadays.

## Attacking

Pozzo was a lover of what the Italians called *metodo*, the attacking centre-half-back game. He stubbornly turned his back on the third back game, known by contrast as *sistema*, and it was only at the start of the war that a few teams, such as Genoa, began belatedly to bring it into Italian football. Pozzo, understandably enough, felt that he and his teams had achieved more than enough to justify their use of *metodo*. But there was no standing in the fact of what Karl Marx would have called the historical process, and when *sistema* swept *metodo* aside in Italy, Pozzo and his methods were essentially out of date. Leopards cannot really change their spots, least of all when they have been dedicated for so long to a particular style of play.

**Clearly Italy between the wars desperately needed a team manager—"Italians like to feel you are on their side," as Pozzo put it. But when Winterbottom took over the England team, there was at first a good deal of resentment among the more experienced players, who frankly felt they were perfectly capable of going it alone.**

## Tactician

One could argue the toss indefinitely. Thus there is no gain-saying the fact that the great leap forward in Ulster football coincided with the appointment of the passionate, highly intelligent tactician Peter Doherty as team manager, though he himself was lucky to have two "managers on the field" in Danny Blanchflower and Jimmy McIlroy. Let it not be forgotten that a captain can have a vital part to play, too, that his authority has to a large extent been usurped by the function of the modern manager. Picchi of Inter, like Blanchflower, was a tremendous force in his team. But the manager today is a sacred cow and, for better or for worse, we are stuck with him.

The trouble is that, given the power he customarily enjoys, his authority and ideology can as easily work for worse as for better. We in England have seen that only too plainly.

# Hackers dream as England visit Hampden

**THE Home International series has left an ugly scar across the face of British soccer. Brutal is the only word to describe the boot-in finale at Hampden when Scotland and England clashed in more ways than one.**

The result was 1-0 for England, but that was forgotten under the avalanche of abuse directed at both sides for one of the most diabolical games ever witnessed at Hampden. It was a clogger's paradise . . . a hacker's dream as players hurled themselves at each other in bone-shaking tackles.

It depends on which side of the border you stand when it comes to dishing out the blame. In my view both sides stand in the dock today for disturbing the peace and assorted other soccer crimes. At the start Roy McFarland kicked Denis Law, Denis Law kicked Roy McFarland, Norman Hunter kicked John Brownlie, Archie Gemmill kicked Alan Ball, Alan Ball kicked Billy Bremner and Peter Storey kicked everybody in a blue shirt!

I know it is a man's game, but for heaven's sake are we going to reach the stage when someone can only be accepted as a soccer player when he weighs in at 22 stone and is around the 6ft 4in mark? Then at least he could look after himself, but it is doubtful if he will be able to kick the ball in a straight line over the difficult length of 10 inches.

There was never any doubt in anyone's mind that the Scotland-England match was going to be a tough one. Skill was always going to take a back seat, and the mood of the game was set even before the kick-off when little Alan Ball showed in no uncertain manner what he thought of the Scottish fans. Or was he just indicating that it was only two minutes until the kick-off?

Scotland team boss Tommy Docherty's after-match quote was priceless. "My players must learn to discipline themselves when they are fouled. Players who kick regularly are players with limited skill and all they want to do is to stop others playing the game." No prizes for guessing the players under attack from the Doc.

But it is a problem for the Scottish manager to get his players in the right frame of mind for their next International matches. Scotland will always be second in the hacker's league. Players such as Archie Gemmill, Tony Green, George Graham, Jimmy Johnstone, Asa Hartford and others were born to play football with class and perception.

Emlyn Hughes of England, tackled by Asa Hartford of Scotland.

## Positive

**Others have not been gifted with their skills and it was painfully obvious to the fans who watched the battle of Hampden. Referee Sergio Gonella, of Italy, must shoulder some of the blame for not taking positive action in this match. He booked Alan Ball, Billy McNeill and Asa Hartford, but two of the worst fouls seen at Hampden went unpunished. The first came from Norman Hunter when he cruelly took John Brownlie across the thigh after the full-back had hit the ball past him on an overlapping run that was to end in agony on the touchline.**

And the second again came from Hunter when he up-ended his Leeds team-mate Billy Bremner with a crashing tackle from behind. Again the referee

# Scottish Angle by ALEX GORDON

### HOME INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

Scotland (0) 2 (Law, Lorimer)
N. Ireland (0) 0

Wales (0) 0
England (1) 3 (Hughes, Marsh, Bell)

England (0) 0
N. Ireland (1) 1 (Neill)

Scotland (0) 1 (Lorimer)
Wales (0) 0

Scotland (0) 0
England (1) 1 (Ball)

Wales (0) 0
N. Ireland (0) 0

| | P | W | D | L | F | A | Pts |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| England | 3 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 4 |
| Scotland | 3 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 4 |
| N. Ireland | 3 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| Wales | 3 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 5 | 1 |

gave Scotland a foul, but didn't even warn Hunter. Scotland weren't little angels, either. Any Scot thinking that is deluding himself. Denis Law wasn't particular about which English player he had a go at.

There were lessons galore for Scotland in this series and we would do well to heed them. The first is the most important—Scotland are still a long way away from being an outstanding side. Certainly there has been a tremendous improvement since Tommy Docherty took over at the turn of the year, but there is still a long way to go when it comes to world stature.

The players must learn to hold themselves in check when the boots start flying. One lost minute of concentration in the World Cup matches against Czechoslovakia and Denmark this autumn could mean farewell to Munich in 1974.

## Invaluable

**The series, however, has given the younger players such as John Brownlie, Willie Donachie, Asa Hartford and Lou Macari invaluable international experience. Full-backs Brownlie and Donachie were particularly impressive in their two matches together against Ireland and England. They could settle down to become one of the best full-back partnerships in the world.**

In the midfield Scotland could do with an Eddie Gray or a Bobby Murdoch, but these so talented players weren't available for the Home International Championships. Workers such as Bremner, Gemmill and Hartford need someone with guile beside them when it comes to laying the ball off and the effect of Gray and Murdoch could have meant the difference between defeat and victory against England.

"Victory over England isn't everything," says Tommy Docherty. "For too long this has been the only game that has mattered to Scotland. They could get knocked out of the World Cup or the European Championships, but as long as they got a win over England it didn't matter. Of course, I wanted Scotland to win, but I am not too disappointed that we didn't.

"We still got a share of the Championship, but this is not important. I could have played nine defenders at Hampden against England and ensured that we got the point we needed to give us the title, but I wanted the crowd to be entertained and we played an attacking information.

"Remember we came close on several occasions and they had two goal-line clearances with Gordon Banks nowhere. They got the goal that mattered, but what a goal it was. It was like something out of Monty Python's Flying Circus!"

The Championships are over now and only the memory of the hacking of Hampden lives on. It will be tougher for Scotland next year in the Home Series when they play two of their matches away against England and Wales, but it is the hope of every soccer fan throughout Britain that next term's clashes produce a lot more football and less outrageous fouls.

**We can only hope . . .**

England's Martin Chivers gets above Bobby Moncur of Scotland.

# ENGLISH FOO
# A GLIMMER

## by ERIC BAT

**IN retrospect the 1971-72 season in England which was, in itself, largely dull, negative and dirty, gives some reason for hope. Many mistakes were made, not least by the experts who were fooled for the first few months of the season into thinking that Manchester United (top of the League until Christmas) were once more a great side. Malcolm Allison, Manager-coach of their neighbours Manchester City was the first to put the lie to this assumption publicly, stating that United were in fact a poor team and if "we" don't win the championship "we" once more meaning the City . . . should have our bottoms kicked. I agreed with Allison at the time and felt throughout that everyone was being mesmerised into playing too cautiously against United—afraid that if they opened up then the "devastating" attack comprising Best, Law, Charlton and Kidd would murder them. Once it became accepted—and West Ham emphasised this with a 3-0 drubbing of the new Manchester United in mid-season—then others began to probe at United's weaknesses in defence. Gradually they slipped from grace and finally ended up eighth.**

Looking back with regard to Manchester City I still can't disagree with Malcolm Allison. While Leeds and Arsenal were off in pursuit of elusive "doubles" City went out of the Cup early and had only one thing to go for. They should and, probably will be, kicking themselves that they didn't make it.

In the final analysis the championship was won and lost not in the usual round of matches on Saturdays but in the mid-week encounters. From City's viewpoint, particularly bearing in mind their 2-0 home win over Derby near the end of the campaign, they threw away their chances with the points dropped away to lowly teams Coventry City and Ipswich Town.

### Injuries

Leeds United, who came closer than ever to the Cup and League double their manager Don Revie has been after for years, can probably trace their "failure" to their 0-1 defeat at Newcastle (again in mid-week) and the Football League's insistence that they play their final league match—away to Wolverhampton—on the Monday following the Cup Final.

Beaten 2-1 by Wolves, when a draw would have been enough to give them their precious "double", one must sympathise to some extent in view of the fixture situation—and the critical injuries to Terry Cooper, the England left back who missed the Cup Final with a broken leg and Mick Jones who was injured in the Final and missed the Wolves match. In fairness one should also say that (having seen the incident twice on TV re-plays) Leeds could well call themselves unfortunate not to have been given a penalty for handball against Wolves!

The big surprise in what was the closest finish for some years was the late run put in by Liverpool who started the season inconspicuously and ended it with a run that brought them 28 points from 15 consecutive matches. This was brought to an end in their penultimate game away to Derby (who beat them 1-0) and thus moved into top place.

Derby then had a point lead over Leeds and Manchester City and two points ahead of Liverpool, with both Leeds and Liverpool having games 48 hours after the Cup Final and City, having completed their programme . . . out of the running. As the record books will show, Leeds lost at Wolverhampton where a draw would have been enough; Liverpool drew at Arsenal (0-0) where they needed to win to make their superior goal average count, and the title went to Derby.

### Considerate

**There is no doubt at all that Derby have the best side now that they've had since 1946 when the legendary Peter Doherty and Raich Carter were their immaculate inside forwards. But I would have preferred to see a side less "business-like" . . . less conscious of results and more considerate about the quality of their game up amongst the top four. Better still I would have liked to see the title go to one of the handful of teams still left who appear to put quality before results.**

For my particular taste both Liverpool and Leeds are too physical and while Manchester City and Derby can both "play football" they show a definite tendency to "get naughty" at the back . . . when things don't go exactly right for them. Of them all I think I would have given City my vote but I'm not exactly unhappy to have Derby County representing England in the European Cup next season.

This is probably because I'm not as critical of their very *successful* young manager Brian Clough as some people are. Having seen him quite a few times interviewed on TV I know he comes across a bit cocky, but he always talks sense, is generally right in what he says and at least has something to be "cocky" about!

The FA Cup was once more something of a let down but overall there is no doubt the better side won at Wembley on the day. Leeds' 4-3-3 was always more enterprising than Arsenal's dull 4-4-2 but once more at the risk of seeming to be "old-fashioned" it was an anti-climax. To me the Cup Final should be the end of season *showpiece* game between two of the best sides in the country showing everyone what first class professional football is all about.

### Substitute

The Leeds-Arsenal affair did the latter but not the former, underlining particularly from Arsenal's side that playing to avoid defeat is what really counts. Even when they were losing and needed a goal very badly they kept to their 4-4-2 formation and even took off one of their front two (Radford) when they brought on their substitute (Kennedy). Certainly, whatever one thinks of Leeds, Arsenal or their Cup Final it was certainly not an entertaining showpiece such as I think it ought to be.

**But through all the murk, the kicking and the cautions there are glimmers of light. The Football League's commendable attempt to "clean-up" was aborted**

# OOTBALL '72
# ER OF LIGHT

## C BATTY

**by some of the referees who, unfortunately, are just not up to the job they are being asked to do but I am sure the League are going to try again next season . . . making their intentions public this time (I hope) and driving their points home more firmly, too.**

What stands out more than anything is the fact that we have more teams in this country than ever before who COULD PLAY FOOTBALL OF HIGH QUALITY if only they could be persuaded to make this their priority. A renewed and more vigorous attempt to clean up, backed by stiff suspensions and heavy fines (for the player's clubs) could provide just the right kind of incentive needed! And I firmly believe it is on.

### Publicity

Another good thing that came out of the season just ended was the publicity given to television rights and TV fees. Fortunately we are not yet in danger of reaching the point anticipated by Real Madrid President Don Santiago Bernabeu some years ago when he said: "I can see a time when the game will be played in an empty stadium with an audience of millions watching on TV."

Both the English television channels are "selling" their chosen game of the week to other countries across the world and making real money out of it. This makes the £80-odd Derby rejected for the TV rights of one of their matches absolutely derisory when one realises that TV "fees" now run into the region of £100,000 or more for the biggest matches.

Fortunately we are not yet at the point foreseen by Don Santiago but let us take note of what is going on. We can make money here from TV and the clubs can and should get a bigger slice of the TV cake but reflect for a moment on the effect that seeing big English matches has on attendances in places like Australia, Canada, Norway, Japan. Making money is one thing, but in the long run it is the good of the game that counts—and not just the good of the game in ONE country either!

**Above all it must be recognised that football in England has finally and firmly established itself as big business. Really BIG. The dangers of the situation are apparent to all: the players want more and more money for interviews, articles, books etc; the clubs want bigger crowds, better results, larger TV fees. But everyone must take care that they don't help kill the goose that lays the golden egg. We criticise the Italian game for paying enormous transfer fees; for allowing the clubs' finances to get into a terrible state, for playing negative football . . . but it's all happening or beginning to happen in England, too.**

Action from the 1972 FA Cup Final . . . left to right: Charlie George, John Radford, Geoff Barnett (hidden), Jack Charlton, Pat Rice, Bob McNab.

The only Italian path we have not started to tread here in England is the now regular habit of meeting our national team at the airport when they return from a defeat abroad . . . and pelt players and officials with bad eggs and rotten tomatoes.

The English are perhaps too conservative, too undemonstrative for that . . . though the chanting fans at big matches make me seriously doubt the truth of that too. But we must recognise the symptoms of the football business disease and take care that we don't fall into the same trap as the Italians.

When it comes down to it only one team can win the championship, though others, as we have seen this season, can keep themselves in the running right until the final day of the campaign. Interest (and attendances) CAN remain high, but we should all set out to provide entertaining, attacking football.

Our club managers do plenty of talking about attacking football . . . and to be fair a very small handful do try to carry out what they preach. Far too many on the other hand pay lip-service to the well worn phrases and then tell their players . . . "keep it tight at the back, don't give anything away and if we get in front, tighten up and make them come at us." They also instruct or advise their players . . . "get hold of this player or that right from the start and don't let him play." What this last means I leave to the imagination.

**Interest in the game has never been higher. Crowds have never been better but there is still a very real danger that the game could choke itself. Fortunately I think, hope and believe that with a little bit of help from the Football Association all the problems can be overcome. But the fact has to be faced—there are still an awful lot of good players playing an awful lot of rubbish—if not consistently, then sometimes.**

# Midlands is booming

Chris Nichol of Aston Villa.

**SUDDENLY the Midlands is alive again. The success of Derby County in winning the First Division and Birmingham City gaining promotion from the Second Division to keep one step ahead of their old rivals, Aston Villa, has ended a period of dark depression in an area previously rich with soccer success.**

Suddenly the teams and players are regaining their lost pride. Suddenly the Midlands is buzzing with expectancy of what the future could bring following the past season.

It has been a long, hard struggle but the hard work and spur to emulate the success of the Liverpools, Manchester Uniteds and not forgetting Leeds United, is at last beginning to bear fruit.

Derby's success, of course, is a wonderful achievement. Brian Clough, their brash young manager, has taken the club to the heights. With very little money to spare he has cajoled and bullied the players to the top.

It is not a policy guaranteed to produce success but for Clough, the most outspoken manager of British football, it is a way of life which has sometimes endeared him to the soccer public, while on several other occasions he has been openly hated by a small section.

For the record Brian Clough deserves his success. Derby, in my book, were the most attractive side I saw last season. I saw them both home and away and the feature of their play which appealed to me was their willingness to attack at every opportunity.

## Key player

It was here that Alan Durban emerged as their key player. Often underrated, the Welsh international has made his mark over the past season when he was often assisted to no small degree by Archie Gemmill and young John McGovern.

Another player who deserves a great deal of credit is Alan Hinton. When Wolves allowed him to drift away to Nottingham Forest his first-class career appeared to fade.

**He did not cut any ice at the City Ground and was surprisingly snapped up by Derby, where he has displayed the rich promise that he sometimes demonstrated with Wolves. Over the past few seasons he has scored several vital goals and averaged about 15 goals a term — a performance which puts him high up the list in Brian Clough's book.**

The Derby boss says: "He's the best crosser of a ball in the game and creates a hell of a lot of trouble. I would have him in the England side every time. There would at least be something positive going into the goalmouth."

Clough, however, has given Hinton tremendous encouragement and utilised his main assets to the benefit of the Derby club. This is a feature of Derby, who have had to operate under a lot of restrictions due to their limited first team squad.

Therefore, Derby deserve all the credit that is going. From the time that he

**by BRIAN MARSHALL**

joined the club they have made rapid strides. First there was the influence of Dave Mackay which helped to push Derby into the First Division. Gaining in confidence they have maintained this momentum to lift the top prize in British soccer.

However, the resurgence of the two Birmingham clubs, Aston Villa and Birmingham City, is of equal importance because the second city has been languishing in obscurity.

Aston Villa have been down to the depths of despair but are bouncing back with tremendous enthusiasm that they must be one of the front runners in the Second Division next season. They have now created the momentum which carried Derby to the top.

**When a team is in such a mood it takes a great deal of determination by the opposition to put the brakes on a winning run. Villa are in this type of mood and backed by their fanatical supporters they aim to take the Second Division by storm.**

They now possess some class which has been missing from Villa Park for several seasons. Players such as Bruce Rioch, who emerged as an engaging and purposeful captain, Chris Nichol, Ian Ross, Willie Anderson, Chico Hamilton and Ray Graydon, are the basis for the future.

Another player who played his part in Villa's revival is striker Andy Lochhead. He didn't take too lightly to his first taste of Third Division soccer but last term he came to terms with opposition and consequently finished as the club's top goalscorer.

Like all the Villa players he received a lot of encouragement from the fans at Villa Park who crowded in for every home game. An indication of the wonderful support Villa received over the season is best demonstrated by the fact that the attendance for their last home game against Chesterfield took the total past the one million mark.

## Improved

Manager Vic Crowe, who has been in charge since January 1970, summing up, says: "Now we are back in the Second Division I must say emphatically that Villa is a very much improved club in every sense than it was in 1970. There is stability and a deep sense of purpose.

"We have made some sound investments in players. They have been made not just for tomorrow but for the day after tomorrow. This is why we view the future with confidence."

Birmingham City, too, have every reason to be happy about their future. Their young manager Freddie Goodwin has bought wisely. Players such as Tommy Carroll, the Eire international who last September was virtually out of soccer following a dispute with his former club, Ipswich Town, Stan Harland and Bob Hatton, the bargain buy of the season.

● *Continued on page 24*

From
COLIN JOSE

# Attendances hit by 'live' television coverage . . .

**IN recent weeks, theatres and arenas across Canada and the United States have shown live, or slightly delayed, a number of the vital European championship matches, including the England versus West Germany games, on closed circuit television.**

Normally, such a venture would be welcomed by all those connected with the game here, but coming as it does during the North American season it is causing some considerable consternation to soccer authorities in both Canada and the United States.

The problem is that the games on television clash with those in the North American Soccer League or in other soccer leagues across the continent, resulting in considerable loss of revenue to a sport that can ill afford it.

"There's nothing basically wrong with the closed-circuit concept," Eric King Executive Secretary of the Canadian Soccer Association said recently, "but the sport affected should have some method of control."

## "Promoters"

This subject came in for lengthy discussion at a joint meeting between the Canadian and United States associations along with representatives of the North American Soccer League held in Toronto last October. All sides were agreed that a great deal of money was made by "promoters" in North America showing the 1970 World Cup on closed circuit and it was the unanimous feeling of the meeting that a certain percentage of this money should have been put back into the sport in order to help foster its further growth throughout the two countries.

Mr. King, who has very strong feelings on this subject, pointed out to me in a letter soon after this meeting that: "If the soccer fan is placed in the position where he must decide where to spend his soccer dollar, in the theatre for World Cup or European Championship games, or in watching a game in the NASL, he will usually choose the theatre. One could argue that this is detrimental to the growth of professional soccer in Canada."

**Pursuing the same subject in an interview conducted by the Canadian Press during April, Mr. King stated: "It's hard enough to promote a sport involving homebred talent without being upstaged by unquestionably a better product—yet reaping no benefit.**

## Monetary

"We appreciate the exposure such games provide to soccer, but object to some promoter reaping all the monetary rewards. I think anyone promoting such an event should plough some of the proceeds back into the sport in the country in which they are showing the games."

One of the problems connected with showing games on closed circuit television as opposed to home television as it applies to North America is that closed circuit attracts only those with an already established interest in the games such as immigrants from Europe or South America. North Americans with no previous connection to the game are hardly likely to spend the considerable sum being asked to witness the big screen showing of a sport they have no knowledge of.

On the question of control both the Canadian and the United States association have sent letters of protest to FIFA and it would seem that it is only through the international body that some form of control can be effected.

**Following a meeting in London on May 5, FIFA has ruled that the games between Canada the United States and Mexico in Group One of the CONCACAF region of the World Cup must be played between August 15 and September 15.**

## Negotiation

As a result of this Canada has suggested the following dates for her games. Against Mexico in Toronto on August 16, against the United States in Canada at a venue yet to be decided on August 20. With the away legs to be played in Mexico on August 27 and in the United States on August 30. The matter is still under negotiation between the three countries.

# UEFA WARN CLUBS

**THE European Football Union (UEFA) have warned players and spectators that they will continue to crack down on bad behaviour among players and in the stands. In a report on UEFA activities during 1970 and 1971, secretary-general Hans Bangerter said he "notes with displeasure the unmistakable and increasing tendency to brutalised behaviour not only among players but also among spectators."**

**In the first half of the 1970-71 season the number of players' names taken for bad conduct doubled over last year's figure to 266 warnings, and 19 players were sent off, he said. This was out of a total of 282 matches under UEFA's jurisdiction, an average of nearly one warning for each match.**

**But the deterioration in the atmosphere at several European football grounds was not observed helplessly, Herr Bangerter said. "UEFA's disciplinary commission has drawn in the reins with a more severe hand and has dealt out necessary punishments.**

**"The competent authorities in UEFA are determined, with the help of member clubs, to uphold the image and repute of international football in Europe and to deal out proper punishment to any wrongdoers," the report said.**

## Stylish champions qualify for M

# Cream of Asian to enter World

**FOR the first time in the history of the Olympic Games, Burma has earned a place to the Games together with two other top teams to represent Asia in the forthcoming clash of soccer giants at Munich this year.**

It has been a long and tough climb to the top, and the patient build-up that took over a decade and a half has now paid off with the chance to pit the speed of Asian soccer against the European and South American positional approach. In the three Asian Zonal tournaments, the first was won by Malaysia at Seoul, and, now Zone 2, with India, Burma, Ceylon, Israel, Indonesia and Thailand, has come to an end with Burma taking top honours. The Zone 3 clash between North Korea and Iran has yet to be decided, with one game in Pyongyang and the other in Teheran.

Burma has striven hard from the early '50s, to earn their place in the Asian sun and, at the beginning, foreign teams that visited us, did not have a high opinion of the old style of soccer that was still dominant in the Asian sphere. It did not, in any way dishearten us. We learnt a lot from those visits.

### Valuable

At that time we had a sports control body that went under the name of the National Fitness Council, headed by our pre-war weight-lifting wizard (the first Burman to enter the Olympic arena) U Zaw Weik. Ably assisting him was another famous lifter and well-known sportsman, Frank Haskings. Coaches were sent out to various parts of Europe and returned with very valuable data, the earliest among them being U Khin Pe Gyi, now the secretary of the Burma Football Federation.

Among the first foreign coaches to arrive here, was the famous Alex Weir from England, who steered a very fit Burmese team to the First Asian Games held in Manila. There, Burma bowed out in the semi-final against Nationalist China after a goalless draw, when a flip of the coin gave the latter team the right to enter the final and take the gold.

**Undeterred, we came back with more football sense, but still were at the short end when we played goodwill games with the Hapoel Club of Israel, an East German combine, South Korea, and other teams from both Europe and Asia. New coaches were brought in from Yugoslavia, and later Russia, and different tactics were tried out.**

Burmese skipper Aye Maung (left) and Thai skipper Narong exchange pennants while Malaysian referee Oei Poh Hwa, and linesmen Dhillon (Singapore) and Ain Kim Ean (Cambodia) look on.

We were now getting worried about younger and faster players since our older stalwarts were on the decline. There was not enough talent in our Senior League teams to replace them, and the NFC hit on a brilliant idea, that was later to save Burmese soccer from the doldrums and revive the countrywide interest of this game. The introduction of a Divisional tournament from the 12 Divisions and States found new blood in a very short time, and players like Suk Bahadur, now retired and a Captain in the Burmese Army, Vernon Styles, also retired and now the Youth coach, Tin Kyi, Major Pe Myint, Kyaw Aye and others began to steer the National team towards the top of the ladder.

At about this time, the Asian Youth Soccer Tournament was inaugurated under the auspices of the FIFA Asian Football Federation with a cup donated by the then Prime Minister of Malaysia, the Tunku Abdul Rahman, who also introduced yet another tournament for all the Asian National teams, held yearly in Kuala Lumpur and known as the Merdeka Soccer Gold Cup. In the last named competition, the cream of Asian footballers were to be seen in action every year. Teams from all over Asia treated this tournament as a tournament from where the real champions of Asia emerged.

# Munich Olympics soccer arena

IVAN KING reports from BURMA

Then suddenly, we woke up to find that our Burmese Youth team started to make history by beating teams from Israel and Iran, winning the Asian Youth title on many occasions.

Then in 1962, when the Revolutionary Council took over in Burma, the Union of Burma Sports and Physical Education Committee came into existence, and this sports-minded country took a faster turn, with a greater emphasis on soccer.

Early in this period, teams with world class players from Dukla Praha (Czechoslovakia) with the famous Masopust in command came over and were really rattled with the speed of the Burmese, who held their own. Burma then went on to earn the respect of both European and Asian soccer clubs, and visits were made by East Germany, Russia, and a strong team from the Federal Republic of Germany. Our National team soon took full command in the Merdecka tournament, and the Asian newspapers headlined Burma as a "New Soccer Force in Asia".

## Coaches

**We were not to stop at that. We were now in full cry, and after bigger fish, and it was not long before the 1966 Asian Games title came into our hands. We repeated our performance in 1970 while in 1971, Burma made it a Grand Slam when the Park Chung Hee Gold Cup and the Indonesian Silver Jubilee trophy and the SEAP Games Championship fell into our hands.**

During this period, we did not invite coaches from across the seas, but instead, depended on our local wizard U Sein Hline, who took over admirably and proved that he was as good as any foreign coach. Preparations were being made for the Zone 2 qualifier for the Olympics to be held in March 1972. Gone were the old-timers, but the new blood were proving to be even better than their predecessors.

In this Zonal group, the only fear was Israel with their World Cup galaxy of stars, and the fast and very speedy Indonesians and dark horses Thailand. The Asians felt that the Israelis did not belong, because Israel was in the Middle East, but saner heads pooh-poohed the idea of Asians boycotting the tournament and the Zonal was on.

At about this time, the West German Government offered us the services of the well-known Bert Trautman, who, as everyone knows, was the star 'keeper of Manchester City and who at one time was awarded the "Footballer of the Year" trophy in England. He is now with us as advisory coach and the Burmese soccer public welcomed him with open arms.

At about the same time an Italian under 23 team, chosen from the semi-professional Leagues of Italy, came over on a goodwill visit, the first of its kind for both countries. They were pitted against a Youth selected in a town 50 miles from Rangoon, beating the Youth 2-1. In their last and final game in Rangoon against the Burma Youth proper, they shared four goals after a hard and very clean struggle.

The Italians are well known in Europe for their smothering defensive tactics, and with class players like Bonci, Cerrantola and Spadoni making speedy inroads through the Burmese defence, it looked like that we would be at the receiving end of a barrage of goals. It was sheer speed and clever play that finally allowed Burma to hold them to a draw, with the Italians at panic stations in the dying minutes of the game.

The big question was: "Could we beat Israel in the Zonal tournament?" What with the great Sphiegel, Mordecai Sphiegler, Rosen, Bar, Shum and goalkeeper Vissocker who played against top teams in Mexico, in the line-up, the future looked bleak for a berth to Munich. It was a "wait and see" filled with forebodings.

## Officials

**Referees from South Vietnam, Cambodia, Malaysia, Hong Kong, Philippines and Singapore, all neutral countries, came down en bloc for the tournament, together with Sir Stanley Rous and all the officials of the Asian Football Federation. In the qualifier for the two groups, we found Israel, Indonesia and India in group "A", while Burma, Thailand and Ceylon lay in group "B". As expected, Israel and Indonesia were first and second in the first group, while Burma and Thailand were in that position in the other group.**

In the Israel-Thailand semi-final the Israelis looked too slow against a fast-moving Thai team that put up a nine-man defence wall in their goal area. Sphiegler, Shum and Calderon tried hard to score but failed even after the extra time of 30 minutes that was allowed. With five penalty kicks permitted to each side, the Israelis replied twice to the Thai's four. Thus, Israel was out of the running, much to the chargrin of the bookmakers.

Before going any further, mention must be made of the Israeli attitude towards Asian football. Their tactics were very questionable, and resembled those used in their Mexico clash with Sweden. They disputed fouls, argued with the referee and jeered at the crowd. They had themselves to blame for their unsportsmanlike display which surely diminished Asian opinion of soccer as played in Israel. In the important quarter-finals with Indonesia, Sphiegel received his marching orders from referee Dhillon of Singapore for using abusive language.

## Weakness

The ousting of Israel although surprising, was expected by many an old-timer, who readily agreed that although their defence was sound, their weakness in the vital area was prominent. If this Israeli team held Italy to a draw in the Mexico Olympics and lost to lowly Thailand, then European soccer would not be that frightening. This came as a "shot in the arm" to boost the morale of all Asian soccer teams.

Burma was now in full cry after beating Indonesia by a big margin of three goals, and having beaten Thailand in the quarter-finals by seven clear goals, it looked all over, bar the shouting, but the Thais played a sterling game that day, and held Burma away from scoring, with yet another nine-man defensive wall, and it was not until well into the second half that Burma scored that vital goal to give them a berth to Munich.

**Asia has three strong teams competing in the 1972 Olympic Games to be held in Munich, each one worthy enough to do battle with European and South American giants. These three teams can be considered to be about the best in Asia today, and they will give a very good account of themselves whether win, lose or draw. MUNICH . . . HERE WE COME!**

# BARROW OUT AND CROMPTON RESIGNS

by ERIC THORNTON

JACK CROMPTON used to be a name to juggle with in the sporting world, and especially when we were in the company of ace goalkeepers of the immediate post-war years.

The "suicide gang", as they generally styled themselves — Frank Swift, Ted Ditchburn, Gil Merrick, Bert Williams and others—always had plenty of time for the Manchester United star who reached the summit despite recurring injuries to thighs, ankles, wrists, fingers and legs.

I well remember big Swifty, of the giant hands, who perfected the clearing throw to the wings, saying to me during an England tour of the fifties: "Jack will probably land himself a top backroom job while I'm still struggling."

## Coaching

Unfortunately, the former international was one of those lost at Munich and, almost equally unfortunately, Jack has not yet borne out that forecast, though he's on the way.

There had seemed a good chance of it materialising when, after hanging up the old boots, the first brave steps led to a coaching appointment with Luton Town.

But then came the year of 1958. The year of tragedy for Old Trafford. An SOS from club chairman Harold Hardman meant a return ticket as chief trainer under first Jimmy Murphy, then Matt Busby when he eventually came back from the German hospital.

## Reluctant

And that was how it stayed many years for the one-time reluctant goalkeeper who always fancied being an inside-forward but was converted because in teenage days the fellow who owned the ball always said there was a vacancy between the sticks.

When, finally, the gilt-edged opportunity arrived, the Stretford native surprised even his best friends by stepping down from the dizzy heights of a world-class organisation into the basement to manage Barrow Football Club, one of Britain's poorest soccer outfits.

It may be thought that a personality of tremendous experience and know-how in shaping and training a team would have scorned that kind of introduction to the hot seat, yet Crompton's very acceptance proved an eagerness to have a go.

Of course, there's no chopper awaiting failure in that particular post. The fans on that windswept section of the Lancashire coast rarely raise hell over mediocre campaigns because those have been on the menu right from the early days of this century.

Promotion from the Fourth Division to the Third, and then again after subsequent relegation has, generally, provided the rather meagre boundaries of its success, a fact that hardly paints a satisfying picture.

## Population

Yet it's all understandable, really, because geographical and population factors have been against the club ever since life was first breathed into it by a group of Scottish exiles working in the old town's shipyards.

Local support has to be split with adherents of the professional handling code, in addition to which, there is no cluster of clubs within a stone's throw as there are in London, Manchester, Birmingham and the West Riding.

## Away games

So they miss out on the excitement and the extra cash of "derby" fixtures and, with the exception of Workington 60 miles north along the west coast, all trips to away games are long trips. I mean long trips. For nearly 15,000 miles are clocked on the club's coach for match journeys each winter.

The gap between the luxury of the top circle and the bread queues of the bottom becomes more apparent with travelling arrangements. Five-star hotels are definitely out. Small boarding houses provide the b. & b. fare at prices they can afford.

Income has to be based on crowds averaging only around 4,000 and, therefore, whereas with United playing kit could be ordered in huge quantities without any attention being paid to price ranges, at Barrow it is vital to shop around carefully for bargains, and keep the strips until they are almost falling apart.

Same with trials. Hundreds of youngsters are regularly invited to Old Trafford from all parts of Britain without a thought about the expense. But that pace is not allowed at Holker Street. Trials have to be limited, and everybody thinks three or four times before inviting kids from any far-away spots.

But Jack has always been an optimist. He'll always go on bravely planning wherever he is, though readily admitting the difficulty of performing miracles—even if his initials are J.C.!

Since Eric Thornton penned the article on this page, Barrow failed to gain re-election to the Fourth Division of the Football League. Jack Crompton subsequently resigns, although he stated that he would have left the club even if they had retained their place in the Football League.

# CURRENT MOOD IS SO GLOOMY

**Australian News from ANDREW DETTRE**

**AUSTRALIAN soccer reminds one of those early experimental flying contraptions that might have lifted off the ground a foot or so but could not really take off. Occasionally they even crashed, crushing plane and pilot, but the undaunted spirit of the pioneers ultimately triumphed.**

I am not so sure of the ultimate result in soccer's case. From time to time, one can detect signs of a more dedicated if not quite professional approach to the basic problems; international results sometimes fill you with hope for the future. Then, almost invariably, something goes wrong and you shift back to square one.

The brief visit of Dundee in May provided such an occasion. The Scots came unheralded and probably underestimated lacking the glamour of a Celtic or Rangers, they were thought to be well within our range. But it turned out to be a grave miscalculation: Dundee had little trouble winning all their tour matches, some by wide margins. The *coup de grace* came in the farewell game when they met and murdered the strongest Australian state team, NSW, 6-1 in front of 15,000 stunned spectators. The scoreline was depressing, but even more soul-destroying was the fact that Dundee's win was achieved with consummate ease.

This shock came in the very middle of a euphoric atmosphere in Australian soccer, created by the windfall of a $100,000 industrial consortium fund for our World Cup bid. It seems that this sum or even ten times more would still not get us off the ground unless our attitude to coaching, team-building, etc., changed.

## Surprise

**To some enthusiastic officials it will come as an unpleasant surprise that it's impossible to buy your way to the World Cup finals. Many have tried it before and failed; the $100,000 fund in itself is absolutely no guarantee that we will fare any better.**

In fact, one begins to wonder how and when all that lovely lolly is meant to be spent. Last November, amidst applause and the clinking of champagne glasses, we were informed on another occasion that a large international tobacco company had agreed to finance the appointment and expenses of a national director of coaching, possibly costing $20,000 a year.

That was in November; the money was made available forthwith. Alas, to this day the appointment has not been made, this vital matter getting lost in a maze of bureaucratic procrastination, aided and abetted by the usual sub-committees. If the $100,000, earmarked for our World Cup bid, will be "spent" with similar wisdom, the result will be a predictable flop.

The current gloom may not lift for quite a while: in June Wolverhampton and Santos were due for some matches and neither is an ideal sparring partner for Australia or NSW, badly in need of a morale-boosting result. The time is too short to rebuild the team and only some positional changes can be expected.

## Discarded

The truth is that Australia, at present, is rather badly off for outstanding players. Many of the veterans have been discarded, but their replacements have yet to prove their class. The national team still relies to a vary large extent on migrants from British clubs, and these, with few exceptions, don't rise above the mediocre.

**Perhaps the solution would be to give more encouragement to local talent; perhaps there is no solution at all. It could be that Australian soccer will for ever remain in the doldrums just like ski jumping standards in Southern Albania or ice hockey in Tunisia are likely to stagnate for the next few centuries, no matter how this may annoy the devotees of the sport.**

## Immense

Oh yes, Australia will from time to time achieve some fair to good results against Asian teams; we may even become the major soccer power in the Pacific. But against the immense depth and professionalism of Europe, we simply have no medicine. Even to get on the right track a myriad of things would have to be corrected: club managements improved, the top administration overhauled, ground conditions rectified, a vast, new coaching network to be built. Any one of these is a Herculean task; a combination of them is clearly beyond us.

Dundee merely exposed these old wounds but didn't actually cause them: below the surface, Australian soccer's vulnerability has always existed. Now it's up to the few clear-headed people in the game to try to heal the wounds once again, until next time when somebody crudely rips them open.

Dundee full-back Wilson (3) clears during the match against NSW, won 6-1 by the visitors. On the right is NSW forward Adrian Alston, formerly with Preston and Fleetwood.

# AWAY FORM IS GOOD

**IN their last international of the season, Switzerland secured a somewhat flattering 0-0 draw with Poland at Poznan. Thus they remain unbeaten away from home for two and a half years, having equalled their second best series of four consecutive visits without defeat. This run now reads: v. Greece 1-0, Malta 2-1, England 1-1 and Poland 0-0. A similarly successful sequence dates back to 1939-40 (v. Portugal 4-2, Belgium 2-1, Poland 1-1 and Italy 1-1), but the best away series was achieved between 1955 and 1957 as follows: v. Yugoslavia 0-0, Belgium 3-1, Saarland 1-1, West Germany 3-1 and Spain 2-2. Matches on neutral grounds, as for example in the Olympics of 1924 or World Cup finals in 1938, are not included.**

More important than escaping unscathed from Poland was the satisfactory test of a playing system designed in the first instance to succeed in the forthcoming World Cup qualifying away ties, especially in Italy! For the first time for many years, the Swiss national side switched to a clear 4-4-2, with the accent heavily on defence. Their redoubtable midfield axis of Odermatt, Kuhn and Blättler was strengthened by Demarmels, whilst up front only two strikers, Balmer and Jeandupeux, were ordered to concentrate solely on attacking duties.

At least the temporary coach Bruno Michaud and the technical director of the national squad Dr. Harry Thommen expressed their confidence in these new dispositions. Thus Switzerland, who under Karl Rappan became famous for the defensive "verrou" (bolt!), are once more trying another variation on an old theme!

The country's leading experts, however, are not wholly convinced. The recent slump of an ageing Italian team—knocked out in the European Championship quarter-finals by little Belgium—has given rise to optimism here, but clearly their chief World Cup group rivals should profit from their mistakes and a rebuilt Italian side could prove tougher still than at present expected.

## Triumph

The match in Poznan was, of course, a friendly and in addition Poland, still celebrating their 3-0 triumph over Bulgaria only three days earlier (!), were not really prepared to go all out. The Bulgarian clash counted towards the Olympic Games qualifying group and from that victorious 11 the Poles rested several tired stars, leaving too little incentive for the rest to exert themselves unduly against the Swiss.

Since the last encounter ended in a Polish 4-2 win at Lausanne, one could say that the Swiss did well to draw here against opponents whom they have never yet managed to beat in four meetings. Until it is realised that the Poles fielded an understrength team, while the Helvetians used a reinforced defensive blanket!

## Qualified

Poland are also beginning to think—after the Olympics, and they have qualified—of their World Cup eliminating group, in which they oppose England and Wales. Manager Kazimierz Gorski made three substitutions after half-time, but failed to find the punch needed to break down a brave Swiss rearguard. For the visitors the only change earned a first cap for midfielder André Meyer 23 (Grasshoppers), who replaced Blättler at the interval.

**On the domestic scene, the big event was the 47th Cup Final featuring the country's best teams, namely the league leaders FC Basel and second-placed FC Zürich. In this eagerly awaited clash there were so many current internationals on view that it looked as if the entire national squad had turned up to contest this final! Before a crowd of 45,000 at Switzerland's largest ground, the Wankdorf Stadium in Berne, Zürich defied most predictions by winning 1-0. It was their third success in as many Final appearances, the club's previous wins dating back to 1966 (2-0 v. Servette) and 1970 (v. Basel 4-1 a.e.t.).**

## SWISS NEWS by ARTHUR ROTMIL

This time Basel could not cope with a surprisingly compact and well organised Zürich side, who had the best man on the field in their famous schemer Köbi Kuhn and the most dangerous forward in Daniel Jeandupeux. He in fact was the scorer of the solitary goal, a minute before half-time, when he cleverly avoided a lunging tackle by Mundschin and fired on the run an unstoppable drive from 16 yards.

## Training

It was a great consolation for Jeandupeux who was recently sentenced by a military court (!) to 30 days' jail for refusing to attend a training course for non-commissioned officers! This sentence is suspended for three years, since the international winger, who claimed that military service (compulsory in this country!) is interfering with his soccer career, has promised not to refuse any further orders! And English footballers think *they* suffer pressures and strain!

Basel tried hard to get on level terms, but the unexpected humidity and heat proved too much for them. In the end, as they pressed forward in a desperate attempt and exposed their rearguard, they were fortunate not to concede any more goals. But in the championship race Basel continued with their strong finishing burst, leaving all rivals except . . . Zürich, way behind.

As expected, Basel reached the fabulous record of 50 consecutive home games without defeat! This run has now lasted four years, since June 1, 1968, when they fell to Grasshoppers by 0-1.

● *Continued from page 18*

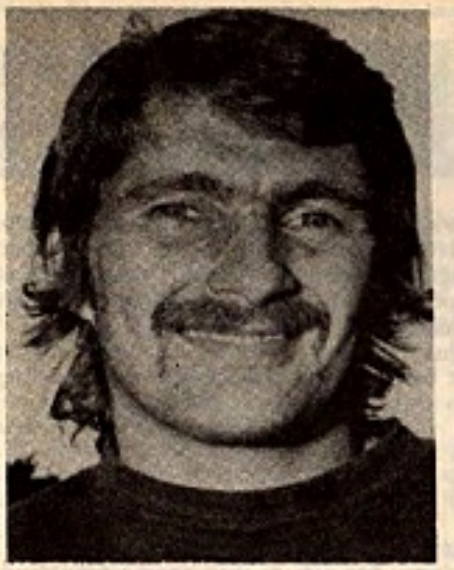
**Harland brought more stability to the defence, while Hatton, a much travelled player with Wolves, Bolton and Carlisle United, sparked off a spell of goalscoring which made Birmingham one of the most dangerous teams in the league.**

The striking trio of Trevor Francis, Bob Latchford and Hatton, was a menace that few Second Division teams could subdue. But it was not until the very last game of the season at the Orient that Birmingham clinched a place in the First Division next season.

Birmingham, who already have one of the best appointed grounds in the country, are not satisfied and a few weeks ago launched an appeal to raise one million pounds to add to their amenities at St. Andrew's.

It is this kind of spirit which now prevails in the Midlands and making the area a hot-bed of soccer.

In Birmingham they have set their sights on emulating Manchester United and Leeds United. Their promotion is just the first step in this direction and who can say they will not succeed with the kind of support that exists in the area?



# TV soccer shows could be much better

## QUESTION AND ANSWER

### Gregory Tesser and CHARLIE COOKE

(Scotland and Chelsea)

*TESSER: Do you think there is something-lacking in the general format of football shows?*

**COOKE: Obviously. But it would be a nonsense to suggest that the guys who run these programmes, the producers, the interviewers and the directors don't want their particular show to be original, controversial and good TV.**

**However, I don't think anyone could deny that television interviews with footballers make pretty dull viewing, and certainly the players come off very poorly. I don't think many people would dispute that. Then, of course, you have got to ask yourself why. I think the fault lies with the players, but also I am convinced that the guys who run these programmes have got to share a little of the blame.**

**It must be appreciated that the game over the last 10 or 15 years has grown up enormously. The money is better and the players themselves now enjoy a much greater social stature than they ever did before. In my opinion the game has progressed so fast, but the players themselves have not grown up quickly enough.**

**Many of them still walk into studios, with all the lights, cameras, floor-managers, and with guys taking their time over the programme like wide-eyed kids. After all it is a very difficult thing to grow up and mature overnight.**

*I find this extremely interesting, Charlie, because on the whole many soccer players nowadays are entertainers and really express themselves emotionally. Wouldn't you think then that they should be entertainers in every sense of the word?*

**I don't think they necessarily have to be intellectually equipped to enter into any sort of heavy dialogue with some clever television interviewer.**

**I am convinced that most people would like to see some really genuinely interesting programme. Most times, after watching a TV interview with a player I get a feeling of a vague notion of nothing. I never become either excited or depressed, and without question if I were an ordinary viewer I probably wouldn't react at all, which is very sad. Personally I would like people to think deeply about what they have seen and discuss the subject among themselves.**

**Frankly I don't think players have to be mentally equipped in any unusual way, but they obviously lack composure in front of the television cameras. But again the interviewers and directors could work much harder at creating the right kind of atmosphere. I have been concerned with TV interviews where the guy who is just going to interview me says: "Don't worry about my questions because I'll be recording them afterwards. All we want you to do is to speak nice and loudly into the microphone and just stand in the right positions." And then you realise what a terribly formal, false atmosphere the whole thing is.**

*Does all the equipment and such like restrict an interview with a footballer?*

**Yes. It is very inhibiting, and as I have just said so formal and false that it is difficult not to be formal and false yourself. The only way to improve a TV soccer show is to make it more informal, but don't ask me how . . . that's their problem.**

**Another important thing in relation to football shows is that the interviewer himself should be much more enlightened.**

*What exactly do you mean?*

**Well they could ask much more incisive questions. To ask a guy about an important subject when everyone knows there is only about three minutes' running-time nearly always leads to a situation where one knows exactly what is going to happen.**

**For example, the typical question is: "What went wrong today?" To give a reasonably sensible answer might take you three years, never mind three minutes, which leads to the typical answer: "Well they scored more goals than we did and they won." Big deal!**

**This makes me extremely depressed because you know yourself that you are not doing a good job. Essentially the whole scene is a vicious circle, and one's answers tend to become more stunted and stilted.**

*This is true. Even players like George Best, when he appeared on the David Frost show came off badly, and let's face it Frost's questioning was a shade more incisive. Why do you think this is?*

**I think this is probably one side where players haven't grown up fast enough. They now enjoy a marvellous social stature, but cannot carry things off nearly as well as they should be able to.**

**You see, it should be remembered that professional footballers come from working-class backgrounds, and are pushed extremely quickly into what is a whole new world. They're really expected to put on a new face overnight, and basically many of them never properly blossom.**

*Has the "cloth-cap" image in the professional game disappeared?*

**Yes, the "cloth-cap" stigma is no longer associated with professional footballers, but it still remains as far as the majority of fans are concerned.**

*Why do you think soccer is like this in Britain as opposed to say, cricket?*

**Well in my opinion it is obvious. Cricket is a much more expensive sport, and you have got to be a part of the right hierarchy.**

**After all, you only need a tennis-ball and a couple of coats as goalposts to play soccer. This surely is the answer.**

WORLD SOCCER

# DIARY

# Hospitality lacking on Russian trip

**THE hospitality shown by the Russian authorities to Sir Alf Ramsey and his party when they visited Kiev recently for an Under-23 international was appalling. As a result, a trip to Moscow by the full England squad next June is in jeopardy.**

From the moment of their arrival on Soviet territory, the party suffered discomfort and plain bad manners by their hosts. Hotel accommodation was well below par and the food almost indigestible. To make matters worse, very few Russians seemed bothered.

Sir Alf complained, with justification, that he wasn't even shown the courtesy of being met at the airport by a senior Russian FA official. Perhaps the fact that Russia had two other internationals on the same day (versus Bulgaria in Moscow and an Under-23 match in Sofia) had something to do with this.

However, one must sympathise with Sir Alf and his squad. If the Russians cannot be bothered to provide a reasonable welcome to those invited to their country, they fully deserve to be isolated from their European partners.

## Typically

*Norman Cutler, this magazine's "man in Spain", is unfortunately back in hospital. After returning to Spain happy in the knowledge that he had successfully undergone major heart surgery, Norman has suffered a relapse. After a short stay in a Spanish clinic, he was brought back to England and the National Heart Hospital. Norman, typically, is anxious to return to his beat and we wish him a speedy recovery.*

England goalkeeper Gordon Banks saves from Denis Law of Scotland during a Home International Championship match in Glasgow. England won 1-0.

# HUGHES A

**IT is doubtful whether anyone would argue that England's most impressive player, in more senses than one, in the internationals against West Germany, Wales, Northern Ireland and Scotland was Emlyn Hughes. No sign of tiredness or pressures on this soccer-mad Lancashire lad.**

**But for an injury to Terry Cooper, this powerful, eager player might not have got his chance. Cooper, the English press is quick to claim, is the best full-back in the world. Best attacking full-back, perhaps, but his defensive qualities are not always world class.**

## All-round

**Hughes, in fact, looked a better all-round player. For Liverpool, of course, his role is that of a midfield player and his ability to attack, in a style much different to that of Cooper, is considerable. His strength in the tackle and speed of recovery are valuable assets and he puts them to good purpose.**

**Hughes has proved one of Bill Shankly's best signings.**

**Eusebio, whose goalscoring exploits are not what they were, did at least end the 1971-72 season in Portugal on a high note. He scored three of Benfica's five goals against Farense. Benfica finished on top of the table, 10 points ahead of Setubal.**

A few days later Eusebio netted another hat-trick, against Sporting Lisbon in the Portuguese Cup Final. Benfica won 3-2 after extra-time and it was Benfica's 15th cup triumph.

Eusebio seemed to buck his ideas up after being dropped by the national side and scored six goals in his last three matches.

**There seems to be as much football in England during the summer months as the actual playing season. Hard on the heels of the Home International Championship came the Anglo-Italian tournament —a competition that is difficult to get enthusiastic over.**

## Ultimate

Television brought the European Cup Final and then the ultimate stages of the European Championship to British homes. More Anglo-Italian soccer and suddenly before you know it the Watney Cup will be with us again.

And now there is talk of a tournament for Football League clubs outside the First Division to be held in May and June. The soccer season is rapidly becoming an 11-month affair.

**The organising committee of the Asociacion del Futbol Argentino for the 1978 World Cup in Argentina (says "FIFA News") has nominated nine cities as venues or sub-venues for the matches of the**

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# ACCLAIMED

He was bought from Blackpool, forced to sell for economic reasons, and was one of the inspirations behind Liverpool's drive towards the title last season. Hughes quickly shook off the disappointment of seeing his club fail at the final hurdle to don an England shirt and establish himself at international level.

## Last-minute

Bill Shankly, no doubt, will be pleased if his latest acquisition, Frank Worthington, proves as good a buy as Hughes. Worthington, a last-minute addition to the England Under-23 party in Poland and Russia, seemed bound for Leicester, but Shankly swooped to sign this talented centre-forward.

Despite their success in recent seasons, Liverpool have lacked a really consistent goalscorer. Many of their goals come from defenders—Chris Lawler and Hughes in particular—and Worthington could be the man to solve that headache.

# WORLD SOCCER DIARY

Sir Stanley Rous, President of FIFA, presents the Youth Cup to the England team after they had beaten West Germany 2-0 in Barcelona.

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English FA Cup winners Leeds United strengthened their first-team squad with the £100,000 purchase of Trevor Cherry from Huddersfield Town. Cherry (24), an able back-four defender, will provide extra cover for Leeds in any one of the defensive positions. Leeds already have five England internationals contesting positions in their back four. Cherry is the first major addition to Don Revie's squad since he signed Allan Clarke in 1969.

Mention of Leeds reminds us of Jack Charlton, who made an excellent appearance on Michael Parkinson's chat show on BBC-1 recently. Charlton is one of relatively few professional footballers who come over well on television and his contribution to an entertaining programme was not inconsiderable.

## Duties

**Brian Birch, who has coached Galatasaray to two league championships in Turkey, is leaving the club and looking for pastures new. Brian, in addition to his duties with the club, has acted as a WORLD SOCCER correspondent in the country and his last report appears on page 43 of this issue.**

Brian qualified as an FA coach in 1958 and had 14 years' playing experience with Manchester United, Wolves, Lincoln and Oldham. He worked as a national coach in the Philippines (1962-63) and with the FA of Malaysia and in Australia from 1963 to 1966. He also had a spell with Blackburn Rovers. Brian is now looking for an appointment with a club or a national association out of England.

Jackie Charlton.
To add to his many attributions Jackie Charlton has now recorded his first solo single record. The Leeds star recorded it in his own front room and it's gaining frequent plays on the radio.

# WE TOO HAVE OUR MOMENTS

**MONTHLY magazines, such as this one, have their problems over dated copy. Situations can change rapidly and with schedules being what they are, we have our anxious moments.**

For example, this month's feature on Jack Crompton and Barrow was written before the Lancashire club failed to gain re-election to the Football League. Crompton later resigned and the future for poor Barrow is anything but rosy.

## Episode

Schedules also prevent us from relating the latest episode in the "George Best saga". What is up-to-date news today, especially in the case of Best, will probably be "old hat" in a day or so. Suffice to say that one can easily grow tired of the whole affair. Mention of his name is enough to produce a long yawn.

However, with modern printing techniques, the content of WORLD SOCCER has never been as fresh as it is now.

*We had planned to present a detailed look at Sir Alf Ramsey's record as England team manager this month. But, what with finals of this and finals of that, most of the staff have been trotting all over the place. As a result, the Ramsey piece has been postponed for a month.*

HANS HENNINGSEN from BRAZIL

# OLD GUARD FOR ZAGALO

BRAZIL has announced a list of players for the forthcoming Independence Cup tournament. A Brazilian Technical Commission, comprised of Dr. Passo, Zagalo, Chirol, Parreira and Coutinho chose the players for the national squad. It is worth recording that Zagalo has just one vote, like the other members of the Commission. His voice may, in practice, be a little stronger but he has absolute control only in matters of tactics.

He isn't the sole selector, like Sir Alf Ramsey for example. Chirol, Parreira and Coutinho are responsible for training.

The new list of players is: Goalkeepers—Sergio (Sao Paulo), Leao (Palmeiras); Defenders — Carlos Alberto (Santos), Ze Maria (Corinthians), Brito (Botafogo), Marinho (Portuguesa), Vantuir (Atletico), Osmar (Botafogo), Marco Antonio (Fluminense), Rodrigues Neto (Flamengo); Mid-field — Clodoaldo (Santos), Gerson (Fluminense), Rivelino (Corinthians), Piazza (Cruzeiro), Dirceu Lopes (Cruzeiro), Paulo Cesar (Flamengo); Forwards —Rogerio (Flamengo), Jairzinho (Botafogo), Dario (Atletico), Washington (Guarani), Tostao (Vasco de Gama) and Leivinha (Palmeiras). World Cup goalkeeper Felix was also chosen but, due to a finger injury, was withdrawn after a doctor's examination.

There are few real surprises in the party. Fourteen were in Mexico and the only newcomers are Rodrigues Neto, Osmar, Washington and Leivinha. Osmar and Washington are amateurs and, after the Independence Cup matches, will play for the Brazilian Olympic team which has qualified for the Munich games.

Washington, 19-years-of-age, was considered the best player in a Youth tournament held in Cannes last April. He plays for a little first division team in the Sao Paulo State and is considered to be the new Pele. In my opinion, Washington is a good ball player, shoots well and is intelligent but he is far from being another Pele. At least for the moment.

It must be remembered that Pele, at 19, had already won a World Cup winners medal and was one of the best players in the world. Osmar, even though an amateur, played in the Botafogo team since January. By Brazilian standards he is a good defender. Rodrigues Neto and Leivinha have been professionals for five years and are experienced players.

Pele's absence is still a problem for Brazil and Zagalo. It is doubtful that he will ever be replaced. His mere presence in the side had a psychological affect on both Brazil and their opponents . . . boosting the morale of his own colleagues while worrying his rivals.

Brazil have no such advantage now, although they are probably still the best team in the world, with the possible exception of West Germany. Zagalo knows better than anybody exactly what Pele represented and he is doing all he can to alleviate the problem.

## Thinking ahead

The squad for the Independence Cup illustrates two things. First, Zagalo is keen to keep as many of his Mexico men as possible. Second, the inclusion of young players shows that he is clearly thinking ahead to West Germany in 1974. Only Gerson and Brito of the current batch are over 30 and are by no means too old for soccer at an international level. Of the others, only Piazza will have reached 30 by 1974.

In addition, a few of the Olympic squad will also find their way into the senior bracket when Brazil make an extensive tour of Morocco, Tunisia, Italy, Austria, West Germany, Russia, Sweden, Scotland, England, Switzerland and France.

How will Brazil play this month? It would be easy for Zagalo to pick his eleven best players—on paper—and play them with less than a month's training together. But I think this is unlikely.

Brito and Gerson have not played in the national side since last year. Brito was suspended after striking a referee and Gerson has been injured. Clodoaldo has had a number of injuries recently and is not the player he was. However, he is still a formidable member of the side and the nearest we have to the Zito of days gone by.

Paulo Cesar has been playing well, but the role he performs for Flamengo is the same as that of Gerson for the national side. Gerson remains a master player, the organiser and brains behind Brazil.

Zagalo will play a back four, with the two central pivots acting as sweepers. The libero in Brazil, unlike Italy, plays in front of this backline. Gerson is the usual libero or occasionally it is Clodoaldo. The two other mid-field men, Clodoaldo (or Gerson) and Rivelino operate in front of their colleague. The front three, with Toastao dropping back, are supported by this mid-field trio.

Tommy Docherty, who was here recently (and escorted to three matches by yours truly), saw half-a-dozen teams playing this type of system. It is not new here but suits the Brazilian style. Brazil's strength is through their individuals rather than any pattern of teamwork.

Even without Pele, the side remains a good attacking one. When in possession Brazil moves forward with seven or eight men. Particularly dangerous are the full-backs (we call them laterals) Carlos Alberto and Marco Antonio. They are always looking for chances to become involved and both shoot well.

When the ball is on the right hand side of the pitch, Carlos Alberto links with Clodoaldo, Gerson, Tostao and Jair. When it is on the opposite side, Marco Antonio joins forces with Gerson, Rivelino, Paulo Cesar and Tostao. Note that in both cases I mention Tostao and Gerson. That is because they are the axles of the team.

## Finance

Angry with his own club's supporters after they had booed the team, Pele kicked the ball into the crowd at a recent Santos match. The supporters say that Santos have been playing badly for three years and that they are only interested in finance. The players, they add, don't run enough and walk too often. This may be true with some of them, but not Pele. He has always done his best for Santos and Brazil.

Tommy Docherty was very impressed during his visit to Brazil. He thought the CBD organisation "wonderful" and found the stadiums, hotels, etc., in excellent condition. He was taken to three Rio de Janeiro championship matches and actually thought the play defensive.

Fluminense paid more than £200,000 for Gerson and Artime. Rio is now the El Dorado of South American football.

For normal matches in Brazil, a ticket costs 50p. For the Independence matches, this price is being trebled. Many people here think that is too high. A worker who earns about £15 monthly would have to pay a tenth of his salary for a ticket. To be exact, a worker earns £17.20.

# Future remains cloudy

**IRISH NEWS from COLIN McALPIN**

**THE British Championship victory over England at Wembley in May was a welcome interlude in what was otherwise a pretty forgettable series for Northern Ireland . . . yet it in no way means that player-manager Terry Neill has the complete teams. And he cannot really look forward with anything more than the customary Irish confidence to the approaching World Cup games against Portugal, Bulgaria and Cyprus. There are still too many obvious weaknesses and too few players of real quality. The future remains, as Neill himself is the first to admit, shrouded in doubts and uncertainties.**

Neill's panel for the series—which included a 2-0 defeat at the hands of Scotland and a dull 0-0 draw with Wales—remains his task force for the immediate future. He will, if all goes well, have the services of the injured Liam O'Kane, Jimmy Nicholson and Martin Harvey but, really, that's about it as far as playing strength goes . . . and the sad fact is that some of the men who pulled on the Irish green simply haven't got what it takes to make international football sit up and take notice.

The basic problem lies in the inability of the attack to get goals. In the 4-4-2 formation which Neill adopted the front-runners were Billy Irvine and Derek Dougan, and both cannot look back on the series with satisfaction.

Irvine, indeed, was on the verge of packing his bags after the game at Hampden Park and doing a George Best on the grounds that he realised he simply wasn't of international class. A chat on the 'phone with his wife on the Saturday night made him change his mind and he played against England and Wales . . . but, to be perfectly honest, he still didn't play well and has, in a way, every reason to feel unhappy.

Dougan remains an enigma. A player who can get goals at club level, a player whose build ought to make him a more forceful forward, Dougan is still a bitter disappointment. There are times when he simply wasn't to be seen, times when he tended to wander absently out of the game. Small wonder he commented to me as we left Wembley in the team coach: "Well, I reckon that's my last appearance there!"

**The Irish are nothing if not honest . . . though honesty does not gloss over the painful inadequacies of the side. I suppose, in fairness to the two, it must be stated that two forwards didn't really have much of a chance to do anything lethal, left as they so often were to their own devices. Yet when they did get a breakthrough they squandered the openings and leave Neill with the massive headache of discovering, somehow and somewhere, a man who can score goals.**

Neill, who had a remarkably fine series and topped it with the winning goal at Wembley to mark his 50 "caps", still insists that Irish League players are not the men he wants. Though surely he must now at least include Coleraine's Des Dickson, who notched almost 50 goals in the season just ended, in his panel. Perhaps the part-timers of Ulster lack pace, but they do deserve some recognition for their achievements. With so small a pool to begin with what harm is to be done by including some of them in future plans?

The outstanding success of the series must be Danny Hegan, the most improved player in the Football League. Hegan, even if some of his shots had a look of sheer desperation to them, was at least willing to have a go. I would have liked to have seen him played in a forward role, perhaps as one of the two strikers instead of operating from the middle four . . . though, of course, he would probably have run into the same problem as Irvine and Dougan, lack of real opportunity. At least, though, he would have put more effort into the opportunities that did present themselves.

The defence remains as solid and dependable as ever. Pat Jennings is now, for my money, the country's top goalkeeper; Pat Rice and Sammy Nelson are two defenders of class and courage; Alan Hunter continued to impress and Dave Clements was simply Dave Clements!

A word about the Sheffield Wednesday defender. I have never seen Dave produce a poor show for Northern Ireland. Always at his best when operating out of the middle four, always willing to play till he drops, and always the man who never lets his country down.

Des Dickson of Coleraine . . . lethal goal-scorer who is still ignored for the international panel.

Neill must now look to his own future. He had no alternative but to play himself what with O'Kane and Harvey unavailable and his performances fully justified the decision . . . he has seldom played better.

I have been one of the severest critics in the matter of his continued presence on the field. I don't take it all back, but I'll concede the point that so long as he plays so well the arguments lose a little in force.

**Yet even he sees the difficulties in being the manager and a player. He knows he will be able to contribute much more to the overall effort of the side when he takes to the bench and guides their fortunes from there. That day, if this series is anything to go on, remains a long way away!**

On the domestic front the major news concerns the fact that the three clubs who qualified for Europe—Glentoran for the European Cup, Coleraine for the Cup Winners' Cup and Portadown for the UEFA Cup—will not now be travelling. The IFA, after consultations with UEFA, decided that it just wasn't on this season in view of the general unwillingness of Continental clubs to come to Northern Ireland.

# WHITHER GEORGE BEST?

**'His case may, as you wish, be seen as clinical or deplorable ...'**

**—BRIAN GLANVILLE**

**THE case of George Best may, as you wish, be regarded as clinical or deplorable. I myself must declare from the first that I admire him greatly as a footballer, like him as a person, and feel the greatest sympathy for him.**

So, intriguingly and significantly enough, do his fellow professionals, at large. It was instructive indeed to enter the Northern Ireland dressing-room after that splendid win against England at Wembley in May. You might logically have expected to meet a certain wry resentment, a faintly bitter satisfaction that the team, after all, had done so wonderfully well without Best.

Nothing in (footballing) life became him less than the leaving of his team, when he simply went absent on the eve of their vital and difficult match against Scotland in Glasgow. Yet there, at Wembley, was the Irish captain, Terry Neill, player-manager of the side, scorer of the game's only goal, saying that whatever Best may or may not have done, when he played for Ireland "he has always been great".

Mike England, the Spurs and Wales centre-half, a mature and conscientious professional, had said to me a couple of days earlier—the Sunday, in fact, that Best exploded his surprise—that he and his fellow professionals felt only admiration for Best.

Another, intriguing, point of view came from a foreign athlete, Nino Benvenuti, the Italian from Trieste who until a year or two ago was middleweight champion of the world. Benvenuti and I were among those participating in a radio discussion about Best and his problems. Benvenuti said roundly that he did not think Best would come back to the game, and that it was a good thing, too. Doing what he had, he would be able that much more quickly to "insert himself" into normal life. The logical extension of this argument is, I suppose, that one should never leave it to embrace the athlete's career at all; but there we are. The point, given the man who made it, was not without interest and significance.

There were, it seemed to me, certain basic contradictions in Best's position and in his statements. Loneliness, he told me, was at the bottom of it all; loneliness which resulted in frenetic and basically unwanted social activity and in heavy drinking. But in leaving the world of football, essentially a warm and sympathetic one, surely he was risking the possibility that loneliness would increase rather than diminish?

True, football had evidently not done much for Best's nights, but it had done a good deal for his days. Things without it, without, to put it at its lowest and most basic, its very routines were going surely to be more rather than less difficult. Thus when Denis Law, Best's friend and colleague at Manchester United, gave his opinion that when the trumpets sounded again Best would be there, one felt he might be proved right.

## Motivated

Criticism of Best has largely come, as we have seen, from outside his fellow professionals. It would not be unreasonable to suppose that envy has motivated a good deal of it. Best, after all, has not only had the most phenomenal success on the field, he has had considerable success off it; the string of nubile girl friends has been infinite.

**Such all-round prowess is a little much for the normal human being to bear. Besides, there is always a certain ambivalence towards idols. At the very time that they are being worshipped, a hostility towards them is being nurtured. After all, the African savage**


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George Best, celebrating his 26th birthday, at his Spanish retreat.

**has been classically known to chastise his idol when it "fails" to make rain.**

It has been said before, but bears saying again, that Best is a unique case in British football. There have been players of the same brilliance, players who perhaps have earned as much inside the game if not outside it, but none who has had to suffer the double pressures which beset Best, who has been obliged to live the life of a star footballer yet suffer the attention of a pop idol.

Goodness knows it must be hard enough to be a pop star, but when at the same time you are obliged to reach and maintain the astonishing peak of fitness of the modern footballer, besides undergoing the treatment so often given Best on the field, then it is almost too much for flesh and blood to bear. Best assured me earlier in the season that the refereeing revolution had made things much easier for him, but the revolution, as we know, steadily ran out of steam.

## Maltreated

There was nothing obviously Maoist about him; no equivalent of a Red (refereeing) Guard to see that what had been well begun was maintained. Besides, if Best was slightly less maltreated than he had been in recent years, there were all the horrors of Belfast to be lived with; the threats, the knowledge that his family was still there.

Stanley Matthews never earned what Best earned. He was a proletarian hero, for all his iridescent brilliance, in what was then essentially a proletarian sport. "If I'd been ugly," Best once said, "you'd never have heard of Pele." Matthews was not ugly, yet nor did he remotely have Best's formidable sexual magnetism. Matthews's light was said to be off at nine o'clock in the evening, which would be about the time when Best was wondering where the action would begin.

## Maximum

A more useful analogy may perhaps be made with players from different countries. Though in England the maximum wage and all its iniquities disappeared only in 1961, in countries like Spain and Italy the footballer as pin-up, as glamorous hero, is scarcely a new phenomenon. One might even broaden the field to include, let us say, a handsome boxer such as Benvenuti, whose romantic life was nothing if not tumultuous; or if you prefer it, the celebrated Italian bicyclist Fausto Coppa, and his *donna blanca*, woman in white. Many of these have had to face the same kind of pressures as Best with equally little preparation and background; nor is it on record that they retired at the age of 26.

**To this one can only reply that Best himself has told us that he has been under psychiatric treatment, and that if his psychological problems were not quite special and acute, we should never have had so many escapades, never have had this ludicrous retirement.**

For it is surely legitimate to see this retirement, too, as a mere means of flight. Best, in abandoning the football world, is simply running away again; and to what? If only he could meet the Right Girl, sigh sentimental ladies; but by definition, anyone who follows Best's pattern of multiple relationships never does meet the Right Girl, for she is simply not there to meet; whether she be some monosyllabic beauty queen, or an actress as talented and sensitive as Miss Sinead Cusack, who still speaks kindly of him.

## Environment

I myself hope and believe that we shall see Best playing football again, if only for the good, selfish reason that it is such a joy to do so. Perhaps by the time these words appear in print he will already have announced his intention to return to the game which he has graced so brilliantly (and let there be no more of this slimy, Uriah Heep-ish nonsense about it having given him everything he's got).

Whatever happens, Best cannot face, solve and escape from his problems without help. In this respect, the supportive environment of football can be no more than that; a support, that is to say, while assistance is sought elsewhere.

# Scottish Angle on Barcelona

# WHO WAS TO BLAME?

**THE battle of Barcelona is over. The frenzied scenes in Spain after the European Cup Winners' Cup Final between Rangers and Moscow Dynamo have left a bitter taste in everyone's mouth. Picture the unruly eruptions of violence. Police attacking fans, fans attacking police; fans being beaten by batons; fists flying; scenes on the Barcelona front . . . fights of all sorts.**

The question that must be asked today is: Who was to blame?

Moscow Dynamo coach Beskov has blamed the Rangers fans of "intimidating" the Russian players. The Spanish police have haphazardly pushed everything connected with that fated night on May 24 on the Scottish fans.

Being a Scot I am directly in line of being called biased towards a Scottish team and my fellow Scots, but I can assure everyone who reads this column that everything I write will be written in a manner of trying to reconstruct one of soccer's biggest mysteries.

Before one can attack a Rangers or a Celtic fan one has got to spend most of one's life living close to them, and in this case I think I have a valid reason for speaking my mind as I have lived in Glasgow all of my life. People possibly may not understand their reasoning on certain manners, but everyone is innocent until proved guilty.

Rangers fans went to Barcelona knowing that their team were only 90 minutes away from emulating their greatest rivals Celtic in Europe. Celtic won the European Cup in 1967 when they defeated Inter Milan in the Final, and although the Winners' Cup is a step below the Champions' Cup that is another argument according to the Ibrox faithful.

## Drinking

The superb setting of sun-soaked Barcelona was enough to fill the Scots fans with a happy element. And, of course, they had to live up to their proud name as one of the world's top drinking nations when it comes to sampling the brews of foreign shores.

So the Rangers fans rolled on to the magnificent Barcelona Camp Nov Stadium on May 24 confident that their favourites would make it third time lucky after losing their two previous Cup Winners' Cup Finals against Fiorentina, of Italy, and Bayern Munich, of West Germany, in the sixties.

**Picture their joy when they watched Colin Stein put Rangers ahead with a superb shot before the half-hour mark. Imagine their delight when they saw Willie Johnston outjump the Moscow Dynamo defence to crash in an unstoppable header from a Dave Smith cross for goal No. 2.**

When the half-time whistle went the Scots filled their flasks and had a good old toast to Rangers. I don't defend drunks, but what I saw in Spain was something that could never be called a drunken revolution.

Willie Johnston streaked away from the hesitant Russian defence to hammer goal No. 3 behind 'keeper Pilgui, and although the brave Russians came back with two goals I don't think there was ever any chance that they would score another two goals to win the Cup.

Admittedly the Rangers fans were on the pitch three minutes before the match was due to end, but this was purely the fault of the referee who raised his arms for a free-kick in the manner the Scots fans are accustomed to a referee in Scotland indicating the end of a game.

The fans were accused of attacking Russian captain Josef Sabo at this point, but I think Rangers skipper John Greig was in more danger than the Russian!

When the fans were on the pitch at this time there was never any question of violence. They were the original happy crowd of supporters hailing their side for a tremendous history-making Europe win.

When they got the message that the game was not, in fact, over they retreated to the terracings and watched out the rest of the match before coming on three minutes later to salute their side.

## Separated

**Unfortunately, it appears they were lured into a false sense of security. This time the Spanish police were waiting for them with their batons drawn, and they used them. Supporters were struck down and forced to defend themselves. It is difficult to look on with indifference when one of your friends is being hit about the head with a heavy club.**

And you didn't have to be on the pitch to be hit by a baton! One fan waited outside the ground where he told his friends he would be if they were separated in the crowd. The fan stood there until 30 minutes after the match and a police officer shouted something at him. Having never been in Spain before it is not hard to believe that the man did not understand the language, and when he did not move after the order he was bodily hurled through a plate-glass window!

It is impossible to defend a crowd of supporters on the rampage and Rangers fans have never been soccer innocents when it comes to showing their feelings when they are not happy with a particular result. They have been in trouble in Wolverhampton, Leeds, Newcastle and even in Glasgow when things haven't gone their way, but it is wrong to include Barcelona in their trail of trouble.

## Celebration

In Spain all they wanted to do was see Rangers lift the cup, salute their team, have a celebration drink (or should that be drinks?) and catch their flights home. But a lot of nonsense has since been spoken after the game.

And most of the rubbish being spewed forth comes from people who have only spent around one month of their total life in Scotland. How on earth can you make sweeping statements about a nation you know nothing about?

**Cries have gone up to ban Rangers from European competitions, but UEFA bosses know what the Ibrox club mean to Europe when it comes to cash. The lessons of Barcelona are there for everyone to heed. Rangers know that their fans can be held in check and every effort in the future will be made to make sure they stay within the permitted limits.**

Barcelona is in the past. Unfortunate circumstances have made it an occasion where critics throughout the world will look back and think about the shame in Spain before thinking about the actual result.

# Ajax achieve great heights

## JOHN SPARROW looks at the triumph of Stefan Kovacs

**THE little Rumanian chain-smoking on the Ajax bench had no time for another cigarette. Half-a-dozen hefty Dutchmen hoisted him shoulder high and disappeared into a sea of red and white. The scene: Rotterdam's Feyenoord Stadium, May 31. Ajax, the Dutch champions, had just won the European Cup for the second year running with a 2-0 victory over Inter Milan best described as a victory for football. A triumph for attack.**

For the little man perched precariously on jostling shoulders it was a very personal victory too. Stefan Kovacs, its architect, who one year ago took over the dodgiest job in Dutch football . . . succeeding Rinus Michels as trainer.

The labours of Stefan were many. Michels was a folk hero in Amsterdam, the man who took Ajax to the European Cup. Then, with Panathinaikos defeated on the Wembley turf in 1971, Michels breezed off to Barcelona saying he needed a challenge. Amsterdam mourned his passing, continued to worship, and waited for his replacement.

Enter Kovacs, friendly, ever smiling and chain-smoking. More than a few were not happy, among them Han Grijzenhout, Michaels' right arm, who thought—as did some of the players—that he should have the job himself. It was not long before rumours in the capital had Kovacs in trouble. Exaggerated perhaps, they said management was displeased with the freedom he gave his players; too little discipline was being exercised. Down the road Feyenoord were flying and with 11 games gone were two points ahead.

Kovacs was virtually on trial. Every eye was watching for what he could do. But, under Michels, Ajax had left little undone taking the European Cup, the Dutch Cup twice in a row, and ending the 1970-71 season hard on Feyenoord's heels as runners-up in the home championship. To the pundits it seemed there was more to lose than it was possible to gain.

**Yet there was an attacking consistency about Ajax with some inspired football. On November 7 Feyenoord went down 2-1 in Amsterdam and, in retrospect, a turning point in the season was reached. Ajax were en route to the greatest year in their history.**

With the European Cup they strolled to the quarter-finals with insolent ease, there to dispose of Arsenal and later to revenge Feyenoord by beating Benfica in the semi-final. Meanwhile the home championship came their way notably via a 1-5 humiliation of Feyenoord in Rotterdam, 8-0 over MVV, 5-0 over NAC and FC Den Bosch, 7-0 over FC Groningen and 12-1 over Vitesse to end the season with a record score. The league chart showed them eight points clear of second place Feyenoord. Of 34 games Ajax won 30, drew three, lost one (by the odd goal of five) scored 104 goals with an against tally of 20. To boot they won the Koninklijke Nederlandse Voetbalbond Cup (the Dutch FA Cup) at the cost of FC Den Haag.

While we're totting up what Stefan Kovacs' pupils have achieved let's mention Johan Cruyff as European Footballer of the Year, Dutch Footballer of the Year and top scorer with 25 goals. And is it significant that the five Ajax players of the Dutch XI which beat Greece 5-0 in Athens, scored a goal each?

All that is left is the World Cup. Kovacs is known to be in favour and president Jaap van Praag is not anti in principle. The players too would welcome a chance of tackling Independiente, but van Praag would only comment: "We'll talk about it with players, coaches and medical staff."

Amsterdam street cleaners had scarcely swept away evidence of a ticker-tape welcome when Ajax players, with a £3,000 bonus in their pockets, stalked into van Praag's office in search of a pay rise. Top of the list were midfield pair Gerrie Muhren and Arie Haan, surprisingly the team's lowest paid members.

**Neither have re-signed contracts. Haan's comment was: "I don't think we are the worst players. In fact I think we play well together." Agreed, but club treasurer Timman is not going to shell out easily. "I'll have to think about it," he told the player.**

Ruud Krol, Suurbier, Stuy and reserve 'keeper Sies Wever were in the queue too—none of them re-signed at the time of writing. Wever moaned: "I would like to get more for all this waiting on the bench. Otherwise I'll have to go abroad." And Suurbier: "I waited till after the final and now I want to get to the point as soon as possible." Johan Neeskens, meanwhile, is keen to sign for three years on the right terms and Sjakie Swart is definitely writing himself in for a year.

Dick van Dijk, however, is off to France. A £62,500 transfer sees him in Nice next season with a four-year contract, where he was lured by an increased salary and little extras like a villa outside the town. Often out of the attack because of a preference for Swart, van Dijk spent much of the season as a second-half player.

Despite this he scored 16 goals—three of them in his last game against Vitesse—and was the man whose famous leap won countless penalties, including the one at Arsenal's expense in the European Cup quarter-final.

Haan, Keiser, Hulshoff, Blankenburg and Krol celebrate Ajax's victory in Rotterdam.

# Finns lack tradition in soccer

**THE comparatively unsuccessful story of football in Finland must be something of a mystery to those who follow the world game and are aware of the successes of the other Scandinavian countries. The plain fact, however, is that the lack of industrial centres such as have given the game in England, Germany and Italy their backbone; the harsh climate and the appeal of other sports have combined to retard the progress of the Finns.**

As individuals several Finnish players have made quite a reputation for themselves, particularly Aulis Rytkonen who played as a professional in France after leaving KUPS Kuopio and won a French cup winners medal with Toulouse in 1957 and inside forward Juhani Peltonen from Valkeakosken Haka who had a spell in the *Bundesliga* with Uwe Seeler at Hamburger SV.

Perhaps the country's most outstanding individual was Kai Pahlman, at times controversial but an intelligent and skilful ball player. Had he been born in a country where football was fully professional and better organised there is little doubt that he would have become very well known indeed but content to combine his football with music and remain in the Finnish game he failed to develop as he should have done.

At the moment the Finns have two former internationals, both regular goalscorers playing abroad—Arto Tolsa (with AC Beerschot in Belgium) and Tommy Lindholm who is in Turkey with Besiktas—but there are many other players remaining in the Finnish game who could in the right conditions become very useful players. Unfortunately these conditions don't exist mostly because the country is very sparsely populated with only Helsinki and Turku having reasonable populations.

The same conditions or similar, exist in the other Scandinavian countries but Sweden with more and larger towns and cities can better support well organised clubs and, at least in the southern half of the country having a much better climate have won the Olympic Games soccer titles and been finalists in the 1958 World Cup.

Denmark, too, suffers from much the same problems as the Finns but they have met with their moments of glory—being Olympics finalists in the Rome 1960 Games and at times beating very useful opposition—Scotland and Hungary in the last two or three seasons. Norway is perhaps the most comparable but they have steadily mainained a standard that is marginally better than Finland's.

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# POST-WAR SURVEY FINLAND

## by ERIC BATTY

| | | P | W | D | L | Goals F.A. | P |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1945–46† | Vaasa IFK | | | See Notes | | | |
| 1946–47† | Helsinki IFK | | | See Notes | | | |
| 1947–48* | No play off | | | See Notes | | | |
| 1948 | Vaasan Palloseura | 15 | 11 | 2 | 2 | 41.12 | 24 |
| 1949 | TPS Turku | 22 | 15 | 4 | 3 | 53.25 | 34 |
| 1950 | Ilvess-K., Tampere | 18 | 10 | 5 | 3 | 38.17 | 25 |
| 1951 | Kotka TP | 18 | 10 | 7 | 1 | 44.26 | 27 |
| 1952 | Kotka TP | 18 | 10 | 6 | 2 | 52.20 | 26 |
| 1953 | Vaasa IFK | 18 | 10 | 4 | 4 | 40.23 | 24 |
| 1954 | Turun Pyrkiva | 18 | 10 | 6 | 2 | 42.20 | 26 |
| 1955 | Krono Hagens IF | 18 | 9 | 7 | 2 | 36.19 | 25 |
| 1956 | Kuopion Palloseura | 18 | 11 | 5 | 2 | 31.12 | 27 |
| 1957 | Helsingin Palloseura | 18 | 11 | 4 | 3 | 49.27 | 26 |
| 1958 | Kuopion Palloseura | 18 | 13 | 0 | 5 | 40.22 | 26 |
| 1959 | Helsinki IFK | 18 | 11 | 5 | 2 | 43.26 | 27 |
| 1960 | Valkeakosken Haka | 22 | 20 | 1 | 1 | 78.23 | 41 |
| 1961 | Helsinki IFK | 22 | 14 | 3 | 5 | 57.26 | 31 |
| 1962 | Valkeakosken Haka | 22 | 15 | 2 | 5 | 63.33 | 32 |
| 1963 | Reipas Lahti | 22 | 13 | 6 | 3 | 44.18 | 32 |
| 1964 | Helsingin JK | 22 | 14 | 6 | 2 | 42.18 | 34 |
| 1965 | Valkeakosken Haka | 22 | 14 | 3 | 5 | 56.28 | 31 |
| 1966 | Kuopion Palloseura | 22 | 12 | 5 | 5 | 41.23 | 29 |
| 1967 | Reipas Lahti | 22 | 14 | 4 | 4 | 55.27 | 32 |
| 1968 | TPS Turku | 22 | 14 | 4 | 4 | 48.19 | 32 |
| 1969 | Kokkola PV | 22 | 17 | 1 | 4 | 44.13 | 35 |
| 1970 | Reipas Lahti | 22 | 14 | 4 | 4 | 45.28 | 32 |
| 1972 | TPS Turku | 26 | 13 | 8 | 5 | 53.25 | 34 |

Apart from their sparse population—and surprisingly the honours in the Finn's domestic game have not, as one might imagine, been dominated by the teams from Helsinki and Turku in recent years—the big problems revolve around the popularity of other sports. At the moment Ice-hockey is particularly strong and the Finns also have their own version of baseball, developed in the twenties and still very popular in the country districts.

Perhaps above all for a country of its size the Finns have a great tradition for athletics in which they have been surprisingly successful in the international arena and to a lesser extent in the international ski-ing competitions. The fame of their successful stars in these other sports has inevitably influenced the Finnish youngsters whose counterparts in Brazil, Germany and England dream of becoming another Pele, Beckenbauer or Moore but in Finland many youngsters ambitions lie in the field of athletics, ski-ing and Ice-hockey.

### Dominated the scene

Between 1908 and 1930—the dates of the introduction of the Finnish championship and the commencement of the league system, Helsinki dominated the scene with Turku teams taking five titles. But in contrast, since 1945 the popular clubs in Helsinki have managed to capture only six First Division championships and in the FA Cup introduced in 1955 the capital has taken the trophy only three times.

KUPS Kuopio and Valkeakoski Haka have played a big part in levelling out the standard of play as compared between the capital and the provincial towns. Playing continuously in the First Division since 1949 and 1950 (respectively) they have each taken three league titles which is no mean achievement when one considers the handicaps they face.

### FA CUP FINAL

No competition until 1955

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Valkeakosken Haka | 5 | Helsingin Palloseura | 1 |
| Pallo-Posat Helsinki | 2 | TKT Tampere | 1 |
| Drott Pistarsaari | 2 | KPT Kuopio | 1 |
| Kotka TP | 4 | KIF Helsinki | 1 |
| Valkeakosken Haka | 2 | Helsinki IFK | 1 |
| Valkeakosken Haka | 3 | RU-38 Pori | 1 |
| Kotka TP | 5 | Pallo-Posat Helsinki | 2 |
| Helsingin Palloseura | 5 | ROPS Revaniemi | 0 |
| Valkeakosen Haka | 1 | Reipas Lahti | 0 |
| Reipas Lahti | 1 | Lapa Lappeenranta | 0 |
| IFK Turku | 1 | TPS Turku | 0 |
| Helsingin JK | 6 | Kotka TP | 1 |
| Kotka TP | 2 | Reipas Lahti | 0 |
| Kuopion Palloseura | 2 | Kotka TP | 1 |
| Valkeakosken Haka | 2 | Tapion Honka | 0 |
| MP Mikkeli | 4 | Reipas Lahti | 1 |
| MP Mikkeli | 4 | Sport Vaasa | 1 |

### TOP SCORER

| | |
|---|---|
| Kihlman (TPS Turku) | 12 |
| Vsijola (Vaasa IFK) | 12 |
| Herrmann (Hel. IFK) | 12 |
| Myntti (Vaasa IFK) | 15 |
| Asikainen (Ilvess-Kissat) | 20 |
| Lintamo (Vaasaan Pal.) | 20 |
| Asikainen (Illvess-Kissat) | 15 |
| Saarinen (Vaasan Pal.) | 15 |
| Forsberg (Kiffen) | 16 |
| Van Hanen (Kotka TP) | 16 |
| Forss (Pyrkiva) | 15 |
| Koskinen (TuTo) | 16 |
| Asikainen (Kiffen) | 12 |
| Styck (Helsingin JK) | 20 |
| Sundelin (TPS Turku) | 21 |
| Pahlman (Helsingin Pal.) | 17 |
| Lehtovirta (TPS Turku) | 17 |
| Sundelin (TPS Turku) | 21 |
| Sundelin (TPS Turku) | 30 |
| Pahlman (Helsingin Pal.) | 20 |
| Osterlund (Helsinki IFK) | 22 |
| Lyytikainen (Hel. IFK) | 16 |
| Tolsa (Kotka TP) | 26 |
| Pahlman (Helsingin JK) | 22 |
| Hyvarinen (Kuopion Pal.) | 16 |
| Lindholm (TPS Turku) | 22 |
| Lindholm (TPS Turku) | 22 |
| Lamberg (Kokkela PV) | 18 |
| Talaslahti (Helsingin JK) | 18 |
| Paatelainen (Helsinki IFK) | 22 |
| Toivola (MP Mikkeli) | 17 |

### LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP SUCCESSES

| | |
|---|---|
| Helsingin JK | 8 |
| Helsingin Palloseura | 8 |
| Helsinki IFK | 6 |
| Abo TPS | 4 |
| Vaasa IFK | 4 |
| TPS Turku | 3 |
| Kuopion Palloseura | 3 |
| Valkeakosken Haka | 3 |
| Reipas Lahti | 3 |
| IFK Abo | 2 |
| Ilves-Kissat | 2 |
| Kotka TP | 2 |
| Kokkola PV | 1 |
| Unitas Helsinki | 1 |
| PUS Helsinki | 1 |
| KJF Turku | 1 |
| Sudet | 1 |
| Helsinki Turun | 1 |
| Vaasan Palloseura | 1 |
| Kronohagens IF | 1 |
| Turun Pyrkiva | 1 |

### FA CUP VICTORIES

| | |
|---|---|
| Valkeakosken Haka | 5 |
| Kotka TP | 3 |
| MP Mikkeli | 2 |
| Pallo Pojat Helsinki | 1 |
| IF Drott Pistarsaari | 1 |
| Helsingin Palloseura | 1 |
| Reipas Lahti | 1 |
| IFK Turku | 1 |
| Helsingin JK | 1 |
| Kuopion Palloseura | 1 |

# Kiwi soccer boom

NEW ZEALAND is the only country in the world which obtains milk from bulls! World Cup miracles take a little longer to accomplish. (Bulls is a dairy centre).

So if national coach Barrie Truman had his way, he would toss New Zealand to the wolves; use Wolverhampton Wanderers as tutors for his World Cup squad rather than waste their tour on teams representing Auckland, Wellington and the South Island. Dundee's 7-0 slaughter of Auckland underlined his strategy.

Lessons learned could be tested if, as anticipated, New Caledonia, Tahiti and Fiji national, plus Chilean, Czechoslovakian and West German club teams visit New Zealand. The Kiwis have been invited to war-torn South Vietnam in October.

Suspended for two weeks Max Davis (Mount Wellington) pleaded that the sentence operate immediately in the interests of his club but the Auckland FA insisted that he played that day for Auckland against Dundee. "Judgement of convenience" commented a neutral critic.

After four years absence during which he saw service with Brentford's promotion-winning team, Brian Turner returned to New Zealand. In his first game for Mount Wellington he was "booked" by the referee and later put a penalty-kick over the bar. The "Mount" have also signed Nigel Ashurst and David Taylor who have returned from Australia. Gunson Showa, Zambian international, has joined neighbouring Auckland City.

# UEFA POLICY COULD PROVE DANGEROUS

**WHATEVER the fate of Rangers following what will go down in the list of football notorieties as the "Battle of Barcelona", it becomes clear that UEFA have embarked on a dangerous course, in which there are any number of storms and all the ingredients of a shipwreck, ahead. Because however drastic the combination of punishments meted out by the UEFA Disciplinary Committee, all of them arise from one false premise: that any one club can be held responsible for its supporters, no matter where they are or how much they may have been disowned.**

The Achilles heel to UEFA's policy is that even if a man's nationality is not in dispute, his allegiance may very well be. So it matters not, to recall their earlier disciplinary misjudgement, that a German threw the half-empty Coca Cola can on to the pitch at Munchengladbach, an incident that led to Inter-Milan's derisory progress to the European Cup final, where they narrowly avoided the achievement of becoming the first team to win the Cup after losing a match 7-1. Because by the logic of UEFA's own explanation that a home club is invariably the guilty party, even if an Italian had thrown the can, and had explained afterwards that he had intended the referee or a Borussia player to be its target, Munchengladbach would still have paid the penalty.

## Anarchy

It must soon occur to some unscrupulous supporter that, provided he is not on his home terraces, he can save his team on the brink of a crushing defeat—as Inter, already 3-1 down, surely were in that Munchengladbach tie—by the simple process of creating some disturbance, preferably one that involves some act of violence on a member of his own team. We will then have come very close to the anarchy of South America, where a significant number of games were abandoned last year when visiting supporters invaded the pitch because their team were on the point of losing the match.

The Barcelona affair naturally left UEFA in a quandary because it did not fall neatly within the rules of their own naively conceived scale of punishments. They could hardly order the Barcelona ground to be closed, or forbid Spanish clubs from entering the European Cup Winners' Cup next season—although, given the tautological arguments of their previous judgements, this was precisely what they were required to do.

Because, in the final analysis, it was the officials of Barcelona FC and the Spanish FA who failed to take adequate precautions before the arrival of 28,000 Rangers supporters on a duty-free alcoholic paradise, for which less than £15 was required to get them through the pearly gates at Renfrew Airport. Like Pharaoh and the plague of locusts, they failed to heed the warning, with the result that the number of ground staff was inadequate and the police on duty were hopelessly outnumbered.

Not that I have any sympathy with the Spanish police, whose past reputation for thuggery was hardly improved on this occasion—and it was with a certain malicious glee that one heard that they had taken on such

The first of two goals for Willie Johnston as he rises between two Russian defenders to head goal number two for Rangers against Moscow Dynamo.

# ROGER MACDONALD'S NOTEBOOK

formidable opponents as Rangers supporters slightly under the influence.

The Russians, vociferous throughout in their cries for a replay, were slightly disingenuous about the whole affair. There seems to be little solid evidence that any Moscow Dynamo player was physically injured by a Rangers supporter—the fans did come on to the field three times, but on each occasion it was with the mistaken impression that the game was over—and the subtle tactic of delaying Dynamo's North American tour so that they would be available for any fresh match was largely wasted on UEFA's disciplinary committee.

If comments in the Soviet press are a fair indication, Dynamo did not waste this heaven-sent opportunity of criticising the over-commercial attitude of football in the capitalist West, which, they claimed, was a breeding ground for hooliganism of the worst possible kind. One wonders what will happen if and when the Russians allow their supporters to accompany them on major events abroad, whether the vodka will flow any less freely, or, indeed, if many of their fans will have any intention of returning home at all.

## Condoned

This is not to argue that the conduct of Rangers fans in Barcelona should be condoned, and regarded as one of those unfortunate accidents of history, like the Plague and the Great Fire of London. The club themselves were quick to condemn it, and even at Barcelona the Rangers manager Willie Waddell was to be seen personally escorting a Rangers supporter off the field, before the game even started.

But the problem is by no means entirely confined to Rangers, even if their worst supporters do remind one of a visit from Geronimo or Ghengis Khan. Celtic fans were guilty of a similar invasion of the pitch in Lisbon back in 1967, but this was confined to the end of the match, and was handled tactfully by a largely sympathetic Portuguese police force. Even the damage done in Lisbon later that night was largely inconsequential, although it did take several doses of detergent to remove the green stripes painted on the white wall of the presidential building.

## Damage

South of the border there are still any number of incidents involving spectators, so many that one suspects that the press have stopped reporting them, and this is why we are under the impression that hooliganism is dying out. And there are just as many disturbances abroad—especially in Sardinia and Sicily, where the Italian Army had to be called out last season. Ajax supporters left a trail of damage in Rotterdam after this year's European Cup final, not that that will surprise anyone who saw them come close to borrowing the Cup from their own team last year, in an unseemly mêlée beneath Wembley's Royal Box.

There is, of course, no simple solution to the problem: but part of the answer lies in increased vigilance by the police and tactful handling of large groups of supporters. The introduction of total, compulsory seating would also reduce the ability of offenders to remain anonymous in a dense crowd—and invading the pitch and throwing missiles are both difficult accomplishments from a sitting position.

## Restraint

But in holding the home club largely responsible, UEFA have got the problem the wrong way round. Because it is inevitable the supporters travelling long distances in large groups, free of the normal restraint of their own environment, who go to extremes—drink more, swear more, break more.

One solution would be to abolish the cheap supporter trip, but this would only penalise the innocent fan without weeding out the guilty—for one is by no means sure that the poorest supporters are the most unruly. Often it is the reverse: it is the spectator able to afford large amounts of alcohol, able to participate in such excursions on a regular basis, who becomes contemptuous of the authorities.

But surely it is not beyond the wit of clubs to devise some kind of "passport" system whereby tickets for any match, home or away, are only sold when it is produced and stamped—and access to cheap trains, buses or planes is also limited to supporters with such passes. It would then be a relatively simple matter for police to weed out offenders, who could then be prevented from accompanying their team (short of paying full fare and buying tickets on spec when they arrive, on the Black Market) for an indefinite period. Clubs and travel agents would suffer alike, but some such drastic measure is necessary, particularly to restrain the jet-set hooligans. For they are the worst: those who are not expected home for tea.

# Bomb scares becoming common

*Another increasingly common occurrence which the authorities will find even more difficult to cure is . . . the bomb scare. There was one in England last season, and two in Germany, both on May 20. The match at Brunswick was stopped for 20 minutes while spectators helped police look under seats and in the passage ways, and another scare occurred at Dusseldorf, where the players had already gone off at half-time.*

# Uruguay prepare with Europe tour

WHILE several European countries are playing in the Brazilian Independence tournament to gain experience against South American sides, Uruguay took the unusual step of doing everything in reverse—for while they, too, are playing in Brazil (where they were given a bye into the finals), they began their preparations with a short European tour.

With the players still tired after a long flight, Uruguay did not play well in their opening match, against East Germany at Leipzig, which they lost 1-0. In front of a disappointing 20,000 crowd, the East Germans dominated the game for long periods, forcing 13 corners to Uruguay's one.

## Poor match

But with Vogel and Kreische absent through injury, the Germans lacked a good striker, and it was not until the 81st minute that Irmscher—who had otherwise had a poor match in midfield—scored their winning goal.

Uruguay fielded only three of the players that took them to fourth place in the last World Cup, and their coach, Itchamendi, clearly has many problems to solve. Only the Uruguayan keeper Carrasco, who was given no chance to save Irmscher's full-blooded drive, looked the sort of player Uruguay need to keep them among the top nations in Munich.

# MIAMI IN THE RAIN...

## From COLIN JOSE

AS you sit in your armchair on a cold and rainy evening in Britain, with a fire roaring up the chimney and your thoughts wander to far away places with strange sounding names, the chances are that Miami will find a place in your imagination.

Palm trees, pounding surf, palatial homes, bikini clad girls, golden sand and above all sunshine make up your mental picture. Rain somehow seems alien to such a sub-tropical setting and yet it was rain—torrential rain—that greeted the debut of the new Miami Gatos in the North American Soccer League.

The rain, which had begun earlier in the day, continued right up to 8 p. m. kick-off time, severely affecting the attendance at the wide open Miami North Dade Junior College Stadium, which General Manager Norman Sutherland thought might have hit the 5,000 mark on a better day. Instead the Gatos had to settle for a hardy 800, yet another indication of the difficulties to be encountered in the promotion of soccer in North America.

Such conditions could hardly have been more foreign to the predominently Latin American Miami team either, or more in favour of their opponents on this evening, the largely British Toronto Metros, who eventually rounded out a very bad day for the new club by winning 4-1.

### Anxious

With the temperature at 74 degrees and on a beautiful surface despite all the rain, the Gatos had the best of the early play with their speedy wingers Diogo and Archibauld causing the Toronto defence some anxious moments. However as time wore on the Metros got more of a grip on the game and before half-time, former Margate Town player John Fahy had given them the lead.

Fahy scored again in the second half and the Metros added two more goals through Ian McHattie and Jose Moraes before Warren Archibauld scored the Gatos lone goal in injury time.

Although the Metros were without doubt the stronger, faster and all round better team on the day, the Miami club were very dangerous in their fast breaks and both Archibauld and Diogo hit the woodwork.

Obviously delighted with his team's performance, Toronto coach Graham Leggat commented afterwards: "This was a very good victory against a strong team," a comment which indicates, I feel, that the Gatos will be a power in this league when they put it all together.

Certainly, in mid-field player Roberto Aguirre they have someone of considerable ability and their defence will also be strengthened when the redoubtable Willie Evans recovers from an ankle injury.

Owner John Bilotta, who had every reason to be happy with his opening day was not at all disgruntled: "I was very pleased with the support we got, the fans stayed with us right to the end. This makes me believe that we have located in the right place. Soccer will grow here," he said."

One week later the Gatos beat the Montreal Olympic 1-0 with a goal in the 50th minute from Valdemar Esgalha.

Toronto, underlining their success in the opener, beat last year's NASL champions the Dallas Tornado 1-0 in Toronto the following week. A crowd of 8,792 was on hand in the Canadian city to watch the game which the Metros could have won handily had they taken their chances. Instead they had to be content with a goal in the 14th minute from Jose Moraes following a corner on the left taken by Gus Moffat.

### Improved

Both Moraes, a former star with Sporting Lisbon, and young Brian Talbot on loan from Ipswich Town, were prominent in mid-field for the Metros who were much faster than Dallas, particularly in the opening half. Dallas coach Ron Newman felt that his team started far too slowly, but conceded that the Metros are a much improved team over last year.

Another team doing well this year, after suffering lean times last term, are the St. Louis Stars who held Dallas to a 1-1 draw in the opener, tied powerful New York 3-3 on a last minute goal from player-coach Casey Frankiewicz the following week and then went on to beat the Atlanta Chiefs 2-1. St. Louis have strengthened their defence considerably with the addition of Wilf Tranter from Fulham and John Sewell from Orient.

Opening day in Dallas brought a crowd of 11,778 to the new Texas Stadium to see the Tornado overcome the Rochester Lancers. Dallas have David Carlton and John Richardson on loan from Fulham for this season, while Rochester who drew 1-1 with New York in their second game have re-signed most of last year's line up.

Montreal, too, have re-signed a number of players from last year's team but added Bermudan international goalkeeper Sam Nusum. They won their opener in Atlanta 1-0 but dropped their second game to Miami by the same score. The Atlanta Chiefs making their poorest start in 6 NASL seasons have lost both their opening games.

### Tournament

The United States, by beating Jamaica 2-1 before 7,196 fans in Busch Stadium in St. Louis, has clinched a place in the Olympic Soccer Tournament for the first time since the 1956 Olympics in Melbourne. In the final tournament in the CONCACAF region they have beaten Guatemala and now Jamaica, tied with Mexico twice and Jamaica and lost to Guatemala.

In 1904 the United States reached the final of the unofficial Olympic soccer tournament played in St. Louis, losing 0-4 to Canada.

**MIAMI GATOS PLAYERS**

| Name and Nationality | Former Club |
|---|---|
| Paulo Roberto Dias (Brazil) | Vasco da Gama |
| | Atletico Mineiro |
| Luciano Macias (Ecuador) | Barcelona Guayaquil |
| Vicente Lecaro (Ecuador) | Barcelona Guayaquil |
| Willie Fleming Ramirez (Peru) | Independiente Sacachispas |
| Eletelho da Silva (Brazil) (Diogo) | Atlante (Mexico) |
| Roberto Aguirre (Argentina) | Racing Buenos Aires |
| Willie Evans (Ghana) | Washington Darts |
| Warren Archibauld (Trinidad) | Washington Darts |
| Billy Fraser (Scotland) | Washington Darts, Hearts |
| Frank Dealavey (Scotland) | Washington Darts |
| Leroy DeLeon (Trinidad) | Washington Darts |
| Valdemar Esgalha (Brazil) | |
| Alain Maca (United States) | Brockport State |
| Jorge Tavera (United States) | Miami Master Tours |
| Rafael Arguelles (Cuba) | North Miami |
| Tony Tirado (Peru) | Miami Master Tours |

West German newsletter from ARTHUR ROTMIL

# Four goals for Müller in Munich

**FOUR goals in sixteen minutes by the world's top marksman Gerd Müller helped the German national side to a 4-1 triumph over Russia. This friendly game arranged to inaugurate the new Olympic stadium in Munich attracted the capacity crowd of 80,000. In fact this magnificent arena, now the most modern in Europe, was sold out weeks ago. The organisers showed a lucky hand, for the image and prestige of Germany's national team has—especially after the glorious victory over England—rarely been higher. The choice of opponents for this gala occasion was also most fortunate, for, like Germany, the Soviets had also reached the semi-finals of the European Championship and actually these teams were strongly fancied to dispute the final.**

A total of 32 years had passed since the last international was staged in Munich. Then Germany defeated Bulgaria by 7-3. Now the Bavarians could again celebrate, in particular the exploits of their own six heroes from the local favourites Bayern: Maier, Schwarzenbeck, Beckenbauer, Breitner, Hoeness and Müller. Federal manager Helmut Schön relied as expected on the trusted team which had done so well in the recent tough assignments.

Two changes were nevertheless inevitable from the side which was held by England to that 0-0 draw in Berlin. Flohe was left out, to allow Hoeness to drop back again into midfield, whilst his place—Grabowski still being unfit—was taken by Heynckes. On the left wing the 23-year-old Schalke star Erwin Kremers made his debut, because of the absence of Sigi Held.

This experienced World Cup forward was, in fact, released not only for this match but was also excused from the European Championship final series, because he is needed by his club Kickers Offenbach for the current tournament to decide . . . promotion to the *Bundesliga*! Thus Sigi Held has missed three caps, and so much for the hoary tales that on the Continent the national teams always have priority over the interests of the clubs!

But the Germans, now brimful with confidence, can afford to leave out even established stars. Already for the games against England they had been deprived either through impending (!) disciplinary procedure (Schalke), or on account of injury of Vogts, Weber, Schnellinger, Overath, Löhr, plus Schalke's men Libuda and Fichtel. Incidentally, the newly capped Kremers—whose twin brother Helmut also plays for Schalke—is not connected with any allegations against his team mates, because last season he was playing for Offenbach.

**Not all of these missing stars would have played, but certainly Vogts, Fichtel, Weber and Overath—if only for their experience—would have turned out at Wembley and in Berlin. Such, however, is the wealth of talent available here that these established internationals were hardly missed. Instead, 20-year-olds like Breitner and Hoeness shone brilliantly and have certainly booked a place in the national squad for the next World Cup. A third 20-year-old made his bow against Russia: Rainer Bonhof (Borussia Mönchen - Gladbach), who replaced Höttges, a victim of a slightly pulled muscle, at half-time.**

After a goalless first period the Germans really turned on the power after the interval. Beckenbauer—gaining his 60th cap—and their other kingpin Netzer began to drill holes in the Russian defence until Müller cracked the first goal in the 49th minute. The second goal was originally credited to Hoeness, but it was confirmed later that Müller got the final touch (51) and he added two more in the 62nd and 65th minutes.

Thus Müller has become his country's leading scorer in internationals with 47 goals—from 39 games!

The previous record was held by Uwe Seeler with 43 goals (72 matches). The Russians hit a consolation goal through Kolotov, barely three minutes after Wolfgang Kleff replaced—as prearranged—Maier in goal, to gain, like Bonhof, some international experience.

The 4-1 triumph means that West Germany are now unbeaten at home for seven years, having won 20 and drawn 5 games in that period.

## Dismissed

**Shaken to its roots by the bribery scandals, the German footballing fraternity received another jolt when the court of appeal had dismissed the charges against Rotweiss Oberhausen, the club's president Peter Maassen and coach Ady Preissler. Oberhausen had been found guilty by the first disciplinary committee of having manipulated the results of several games through financial inducements in order to escape relegation.**

But their appeal was upheld "for lack of conclusive evidence". The verdict was a bitter blow to the DFB's court of inquiry headed by the chief prosecutor Dr. Kindermann. But the Football Federation are not giving up the struggle to clean up German soccer and to rid the *Bundesliga* of the unsavoury characters. "We shall pursue the matter relentlessly until the guilty men are brought to trial and thrown out of the game they have besmirched with their disgraceful conduct," declared a far from disheartened Dr. Kindermann.

These regrettable affairs with seemingly endless processions of new culprits, fresh evidence and more deceitful statements from hitherto responsible individuals and clubs have eventually caused a substantial loss in attendance figures.

Partly because the championship has developed into a two-horse race between Bayern and Schalke, but also on account of the stream of shameful revelations, the disillusioned fans have been staying away in progressively large numbers. And this despite the fact that the goal-scoring average of 3.22 per match is the highest for four years!

The new Olympic Stadium in Munich.

## ...THE SPANISH SCENE

# REAL MADRID

# The 'Baby Show' w

**THE Babes did not win the League Championship and their first Oscar before experiencing the most thrilling and longest cliff-hanging season for many years. But they did, and at last proved my pre-season forecast to be correct. I said way back in July that it was anyone's title. Three weeks before the season ended, Real needed two points. They lost in Coruña and then faced mighty Atletico Madrid still behind by two points.**

Nothing favoured them in that match, which saw Atletico's new stadium with its biggest-ever crowd. Atletico were irresistible and inflicted upon Real their great defeat (5-1) for many years.

The first players off the field that afternoon were the youngsters of Real, they raced to the dressing-room to hear the final minutes on radio of Barcelona's match with bottom of the table Cordoba. A miracle (Barcelona's defeat) in the city of the Caliphs would still give Real hope. They were greeted in the dressing-room by the commentator announcing that Barcelona had given away a penalty.

### Youngster

The man who took that penalty was Fermin, a youngster ceded by Real Madrid to Cordoba early in the season when Verdugo changed clubs. Fermin took that penalty knowing that everything depended upon his scoring from that vital spot. He made no mistake and the serial went on for another week, depending finally on Real's last match victory over relegated Seville.

They made no mistake and took the League Championship to the Stadium Santiago Bernabeu for the 13th time in 15 years. It was the final proof of the incredible wisdom and policy of Real's triumvirate . . . Bernabeau, Calderon and Muñoz.

These results left Papa Di Stefano and Valencia standing on the sidelines in third place, with only a ticket to the UEFA Cup. It was not enough, Di Stefano had much earlier promised Valencia the Championship. (Why do so many Spanish managers promise their clubs the world?) Six declared they would be champions this year.

Soon after came reports that Di Stefano was to return to Boca Juniors in the Argentine, quickly denied by the Argentine club President, but receiving enough publicity to bring cries of deserting a sinking ship.

Di Stefano paid a fortune for Licio and Quino in an effort to strengthen his forward line. Extra goals came (30) but not the extra points.

The other curiosity of the season came from Malaga, who drew 17 of their 30 matches.

The surprise was a remarkable recovery of Buckingham-made Barcelona. They were down and out, utterly demoralised by the egoism and irresponsibility of their new manager, Rinus Michel. The signing of outside-left Perez from RCD Mallorca in November, and Vic Buckingham's holiday call, during which a meeting of the club's entire technical staff was held, produced the miracle that took Barcelona from 22nd in the table to second place.

### Successor

Another disappointed club was Atletico Madrid, who rushed into signing Max Merkel as successor to Marcel Domingo. Merkel promised Atletico the League and the European Cup and gave them disaster all the way down the line.

We shuddered when Merkel announced he was taking over all sections of the club; the net result was: First team fourth in the League, third division side relegated, three of four regional sides relegated, juveniles decimated. Merkel was told his contract would not be renewed and was the fifth foreign manager to lose his job during the season.

### Affiliated

Next season Atletico's most popular and successful manager for years, Marcel Domingo, will be with Malaga, and there are reports that their second manager, Mariano Moreno, now with affiliated Burgos, may move to the mother club.

**Assembly loses three influential Presidential personalities. Don Ricardo Rosson of Sabadel, who forced the Federation to increase the First League by two clubs, thereby imposing extra handicapping pressure on Spain's International Supremo and International football plans . . . Rafael Cisniros, Seville, always a controversal figure, and Rafael Campanero Guzman of Cordoba.**

Sr. Cisniros engaged Greek manager Dan Georgiadis to save the sinking Seville after Max Merkel left them in trouble last year. Don Dan, now in Peru, failed to get the right reaction and Cisniros brought in Vic Buckingham to unsuccessfully salvage the wrecked boat. Even Vic's magical touch failed!

Promoted in their place will be three of the following clubs.

The distinguished Oviedo, managed by Spain's ex-Supremo Dr. Toba, and led by the bustling, thundering centre-forward Enrique Galan, who will surely be Spain's next International call-up £200,000 transfer. He banged in 23 opportunist goals in 30 matches.

### Diplomacy

Oviedo are not new to First Division football. They were important when I first came to cover the Spanish scene 20 years ago. In those days the newspapers used to write nasty things about Real Madrid. Such as "Real's frequent defeats by Oviedo were because Oviedo was the Chief-of-State's wife's birthplace." They still write nasty things, but Bernabeu's diplomacy has taken them above such politics.

Elche is not a new name either, they went down last year with Zaragoza. They've long been an asset to First Division football since they climbed from Third to First Division several seasons ago.

Castellon, managed by the famous French star Muller and including five young Real Madrid reserves.

Zaragoza's return to the First Division is not unexpected. It was a foregone conclusion once the First League's youngest President took over.

### Responsible

**Apart from the Baby Show, the big personality of the season is Fernando Porta, Granada's centre-forward discovery, leading goal-scorer with 20 goals. Porta was left out of the League side of all the early home matches by manager Joselto, because he never scored goals at home. Then he banged in two fours to prove his manager completely wrong and to become responsible for Granada being the country's giant-killers with**

## ...ON WIDE SCREEN

# CHAMPIONS ins its first Oscar

**wins against Real and Atletico Madrid, Barcelona, Bilbao, Valencia . . . and with the unenviable title of the most penalised team in the League, not unexpectedly, after they signed Aguirre Suarez.**

**Last season I instituted the panel "the most amazing man in football" and selected Don Santiago Bernabeu. There is no change this year, except that Real's triumph consolidates Don Santi's position. But I would like to take this opportunity of adding two new names, those of Sir Alfred Ramsey, England's supremo, and Sir Stanley Rous, President of FIFA.**

**Down in Marbella and Mallorca something stirred—it was only the arrival of a mynah (minor) bird. Furious and frustrated George Best. I don't know why Spain had to be picked for the background of this sordid story, but the antics and statements of the runaway footballer has sorely disillusioned his fans and admirers.**

We like Georgie in Spain, look upon him as the modest, likeable kid from next door. He's been coming here for many years and never once on the Islands or on the peninsula has he put a step wrong. But those statements: "I may never play again", etc., left Spaniards cold, they couldn't care less anyway, they'd only seen him play once in the European Championship match between Spain and Northern Ireland last year. On that night, with Derek Dougan injured in the first minute, George turned on a lifetime of genius and amazing football which left the Spanish critics speechless with unqualified admiration.

Unfortunately, we don't get Match of the Day in Spain, so are deprived of seeing more of the genius and are as unconcerned as Manchester United players appear to be in Spain as to whether George will play again or not.

We hear a lot about Georgie being a "mixed-up kid". This being so, the youngster would do well to follow the example of his oft-quoted favourite film star, Judy Garland. She was said to be mixed up and sick and Georgie would do well to remember that her desire for living was always "the show must go on, come what may". Which brings me to one point that I am tired of hearing . . . that George Best is a mixed-up kid.

If this is so, and I for one won't accept it, who mixed him up? The blame is entirely the kinky critics of the ranting British Press.

**I watched the last flicker of Eurovision's transmission from Wembley on that fatal night and then turned to the telephone and called a Madrid number.**

The bell rang and Ladislov Kubala answered. "Did you see it?" I asked. "Yes, every kick. It was a pity. European football is worse off, but they'll crucify him (they, being the British Press; him, being Sir Alf Ramsey). Yes, they'll crucify him," said Kubala, "but they won't hurt him. Sir Alfred comes from a special breed of men, the type who can't be hurt by the ramblings of lesser men. He will come back and will lead England to even greater triumphs."

A scene Spanish football won't forget for a long time. Glasgow Rangers captain John Greig is mobbed by over-enthusiastic Scottish fans after his team had beaten Moscow Dynamo in the European Cup Winners Cup Final in Barcelona. The clash of Spanish police and Scottish soccer followers produced a bloody, violent battle that could have serious repercussions on Rangers' future in European football. Exactly where the real blame lies is difficult to determine: what is certain is that Barcelona's plush and magnificent stadium was damaged and battered.

## News from France by ANDRE DUCLOS

# Leduc goes and Linder arrives

**THOUGH they acquitted themselves so well in Cup and League, Olympique Marseilles had a turbulent season. Just as, the previous season, on their way to the Championship, they decided to flank a much aggrieved Mario Zatelli with Lucien Leduc as co-manager, so now they expropriated the unfortunate Leduc when the team was riding high, ultimately to bring in the 39-year-old German, Kurt Linder. Whether Zatelli needs anybody at all is open to question, for all the fact that Linder, who is on a year's trial, announced before he even got to Marseilles that he would make them a great team. It is equally open to question whether Leduc deserved to go; many felt he had been most roughly treated.**

Zatelli, 57 years old and a distinguished player for Marseilles before he managed them, has been quoted as saying, about the time Olympique were struggling to put little Brest, and Nigel Page-Jones, out of the cup: "Have you heard of a manager being replaced when his team were on top? That's me. We were autumn champions when Leduc arrived. But at Marseilles, one mustn't be astonished by anything."

### Much discussed

For Leduc, the writing appeared to be on the wall in January. "I can tell you now," said Rene Gallian, soon after he had been put in charge of "technique" at Marseilles, "Lucien Leduc was 'threatened' and he had a week to satisfy us. Now (*after the Brest game*), that's it." A little hard on a manager who, after all, had brought his team seven points ahead of the field. The day the side finally lost to the Corsicans, Bastia—with the splendid Pantelic in goal—Nimes lost as well, so it did not matter all that greatly. Moreover, there was every excuse, neither Josip Skoblar nor Roger Magnusson, the two major, foreign stars of the Marseilles attack, being available.

The chopper duly fell. Gallian, in the absence of M. Leclerc, the club's much discussed President, explained: "Leduc committed several grave errors." None of these errors which he specified took any account of the absence of the two star forwards. The criticisms concerned the Marseilles defence, which is acknowledged as the best in France: as indeed it should be, with the presence of Carnus and Bosquier (of whom more later).

### Defensive tactics

Against his will, Leduc came along to the subsequent match at Saint Etienne, which Marseilles lost, though Zatelli was in charge. The revised defensive tactics, with a static sweeper and man-to-man marking, didn't work at all, while the players were obviously distressed by the going of Leduc. Quite why it happened is obscure, though the old tired phrase "clash of personalities" was clearly relevant. Leduc himself said wistfully that perhaps he was wrong to lay such stress on "the lack of installations", but it surely went deeper than this. Certainly he was dingily treated.

**Linder would seem to have a better chance of dovetailing with Zatelli, to the extent that he is not as experienced and celebrated a figure as Leduc, France's left half just after the war (he helped them beat England in 1945) and a deeply respected manager. Kurt Linder knows France and French football, since he played for Lyon in the early 1960s. Mignot, one of the Lyon players, remembers him as "courteous, polite, modest, even tempered, a serious player, a true professional."**

Fleury Di Nallo, who was also in the Lyon team then, remembers Linder as a useful reserve who could step into the place of almost any sick or injured player, whether it be midfield, outside-right or centre-forward. "Certainly he was an excellent comrade, sincere and helpful. He didn't like kicks and tried to avoid giving them. So I'm a little surprised that as a manager, he has opted for a tough style."

Marcel Aubour, that admirable goalkeeper, recalls Linder more respectfully as "an extraordinary player . . . a charming fellow." One can, in the circumstances, only wish him luck.

As for Bernard Bosquier, he has told the French international team he no longer wants to play for it. This was a blow, but not entirely a surprise, as Bosquier had politely withdrawn from one match for what could be described as diplomatic reasons. The answer he received from the French Federation was dusty indeed. He would not be included in their team for the Independence Cup in Brazil, but he could not be permitted to take part in any kind of match throughout its duration. Thereafter, he would be expected to play for the French national team when he was required.

It has certainly been an extraordinary business, which began when Bosquier, not long after the French defeat in Rumania, made public his letter of resignation. He was, he said, nearly 30 years old (for a sweeper, one might have thought, the mere beginning of his useful career!) he desperately needed a holiday, which he would not get if he went to Brazil, and he wasn't finding it so easy to recover from knocks. Hence . . . no more international football, and when he felt the same about club football, he would retire from that, too.

### Young man

Since "Bobosse" was still a young man, even for a footballer, had played 42 matches for France and was by general consent our finest player, no wonder that poor much criticised Georges Boulogne, national team manager, should not have taken the decision lying down. While respecting Bosquier's reasons, he said that between missing the Brazilian trip and giving up entirely there seemed to be an extensive middle ground. So we shall have to see whether Bosquier, always a decisive young man, sticks to his guns, and what will happen if he does. It was hardly the best way for France to set off for Brazil . . . without a player who, since his debut in December 1964, has been consistently among our outstanding defenders, and has the character to go with it.

## News from Turkey...by BRIAN BIRCH

# Galatasaray win championship . . .

**WELL, it's all over, we've done it. Galatasaray have won the championship again. The final placings were Galatasaray 42 points, Eskihishir 39 points, Fenerbahce finishing a poor third on 37 points. But what a finish it was, with everything hinging on the last game, Galatasaray, playing at home to Bolu, and Eskihisir, playing some great stuff at the finish, away to Ankara.**

At one time Galatasaray looked as though they were going to run away with the league, and understandably so, for when a team has a lead of four points with only two matches to play, and one of these at home, in Turkey, it is as good as finished. Eskihisir didn't quite go along with this and came in at the death with a great run.

But Galatasaray can only blame themselves for the situation that developed. They went to Gersun, on the Black Sea, a team that had not done particularly well in their first season in the first division, and gave one of their worst performances of the season. They lost the game 1-0 while Eskihisir were running riot at Izmir playing against Cup finalists Altay (not a bad side). Eskihisir hit them for six, shoving their goal average up way beyond that of Galatasaray.

Now only two points separated these two sides. Suddenly everybody was contemplating an upset, and the Istanbul restaurants were buzzing and doing a roaring trade. If Galatasaray failed to hold Bolu and Eskihisir were to win at Ankara? Was the pressure of being the leader for so long beginning to tell on Galatasaray?

### Correct

My own view? I had the feeling that Eskihisir would not win their game. Their history tells a story. In all their vital games, when "The Moment Of Truth" came their way they had always failed to pick up the gauntlet and eventually failed. My hunch was correct. We won the game 2-0, while Eskihisir could only manage a draw with Ankara 1-1.

**Besiktas didn't wait until the end of the season before sacking their coach, Gunduz Kilic. Fenerbahce soon followed suit and sacked Sabri Kiraz and Bolu joined the band of disgruntled directors by sacking their coach, but they didn't wait too long in making up their mind about a replacement when they took Rumanian Dinka from Gozteppe.**

One year contracts are the vogue in Turkey, so it is a case of "Deliver Or Get Out". This doesn't help the promotion of the game really. Most coaches are averse to trying young players in their teams . . . they may fail. The crowds are no better, for they show little mercy in defeat, and will verbally tear their coach to shreds should he let them down.

So the game reflects this anxiety, with fear as the key, similar to the game in Italy. Any game based on fear must be destructive, and anything that is based on destruction is inhibitive to the character of the players. Defences in Turkey carry a "Kill Or Be Killed" label on their backs, consequently low scoring games.

Galatasaray have won two championships in two years because they were told to play to their strengths. My orders? Go at them and let them live under constant pressure. A Turkish player is much happier going forward and doing his thing than living in a strait jacket. We often found ourselves faced with nine and ten man defences when at home but managed to win all but two, the others being draws.

Away from home our opponents just had to attack, for they were playing in front of their own people and were expected to win. My players went out of their tiny minds when I ordered them to go out and play as though they were in Istanbul, but when we started winning matches in this manner the players soon saw the reasoning behind it and adapted themselves accordingly.

### Seen the light

This method of approach has certainly paid off for Galatasaray and myself, and although my board of directors thought my ideas a little crazy at times, they too have seen the light.

**Now there is only one more game to play . . . Champions versus Cup Winners. This year our opponents will be Ankara. The game will be played in Ankara, the capital, the home of the president, and the cup is named The Presidents Cup; more or less a replica of our own Charity Shield game in England. The date set for this big clash is the 11 June. Who is going to win? Now don't be silly.**


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# Most cha

**European Championship**

**reviewed by ARTHUR ROTMIL**

**THE EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP has now become firmly established as the foremost, and certainly the most lucrative, competition for national teams. It is practically on a par with the World Cup, but has the edge in the infinitely fairer method of deciding the true merits and ruting of all, except perhaps the last four, contestants. Where the world championship, as played off in one country by 16 teams, does not necessarily guarantee the entry of the best national sides into the final series, the European version as staged in 1966-68 and currently 1970-72 has each time produced near enough the top four countries of our continent.**

Because of the geographical considerations, but mainly through the generous allocation forced on to FIFA by the numerous emergent African, Asian and Central American countries, the last 16 of each World Cup series will invariably include such "minnows" as those which participated on the last occasion in Mexico, namely Morocco, Israel and El Salvador! This will also happen next time in Germany 1974, when Africa, Asia and North/Central America are allowed one representative apiece, thus "devaluing" what should be the decisive stage for the best 16 national sides in the world.

By comparison, in Europe, with its 33 affiliated football federations, the chances of any genuinely weak team slipping into the quarter-finals of the UEFA series are as remote as to become virtually impossible. But the biggest advantage of the European Championship—as compared with its "big brother"—is the system of home and away ties which, of course, is impracticable in the world's final tournament. Every four years the 16 World Cup survivors meet in one particular country which exploits its home advantage to such an extent that it often produces a totally false impression of that team's real strength.

## Home advantage

Thus Uruguay, Italy and England have each won the World Cup after playing every game at home. The Brazilians and the Swedes became runners-up, whilst the Chileans finished third, always as host nations. Most of these teams would never have achieved such successes had they been asked to play on foreign soil. In fact, these final series have seldom produced—also for reasons other than home advantage—the best team in the world.

In addition, the Europeans are notoriously handicapped under strange climatic conditions, say in South America. Not to mention such outrageous venues as in the 1970 contest, some 7,000 feet up in the rarefied air of Mexico! How could the Eastern Europeans, for instance, cope in the midday heat, humidity and altitude? The South or Central Americans in turn find it equally tough having to adapt to our pitches and the hazardous weather in Europe. By contrast, the European Championship offers, apart from the necessary seeding into groups, the chance of every tie being played home and away, which is, of course, the only fair basis upon which the strength of two opponents can be tested.

This system is followed right through the quarter-finals. Of course, one of the semi-finalists will be enjoying home advantage, but the other three teams are unlikely to suffer in such a way as if they had to play in a different continent. The last series in Mexico was decided not so much by skill as by powers of endurance. The teams with the best medical advisers and players with the greatest resistance to altitude problems have got through. In short, there is more likelihood of the European champion being truly top of this continent than of a side deserving the world title after playing six consecutive games on their own park!

**Another important factor is, of course, the tremendous interest which the European Championship has aroused all over Europe. One only needs to study the attendance figures, even in the preliminary stages, to find that this is the tournament the public wants above all others. In the group matches, even though the participants included such tiny (soccer wise) lands as Malta, Cyprus, Luxembourg or even Finland, and Albania, the total gates of 2,838,000 produced an average of 29,600 spectators per game!**

The total was divided between the groups as follows:

| | Total | Average |
|---|---|---|
| **Group I:** Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Wales, Finland | 270,000 | 22,500 |
| **Group II:** Hungary, Bulgaria, France, Norway | 294,000 | 24,500 |
| **Group III:** England, Switzerland, Greece, Malta | 406,000 | 33,800 |
| **Group IV:** Russia, Spain, Northern Ireland, Cyprus | 330,000 | 27,500 |
| **Group V:** Belgium, Portugal, Scotland, Denmark | 374,000 | 31,200 |
| **Group VI:** Italy, Austria, Sweden, Republic of Ireland | 410,000 | 34,100 |
| **Group VII:** Yugoslavia, Holland, East Germany, Luxembourg | 346,000 | 28,800 |
| **Group VIII:** West Germany, Poland, Turkey, Albania | 408,000 | 34,000 |

But the real bonanza was struck in the quarter-finals. These ties produced in each and every case full houses as detailed: England v. West Germany (Wembley), 100,000; return (in Berlin), 80,000. Hungary v. Rumania (Budapest), 75,000; return (Bucharest), 80,000. Yugoslavia v. Russia (Belgrade), 80,000; return (Moscow), 103,000. Italy v. Belgium (Milan), 80,000; return (Brussels), 30,000.

**Eight matches drawing 636,000 fans for an average of 79,500 spectators per game! Is there another competition in the world which could boast similar support? Football being not only about playing, but also a matter of economics, this tournament has clearly proved to be a veritable gold mine. The European Championship is a comparatively new venture, but because it features the elite of each nation's talent, as personified by the national representation, its popularity is now guaranteed for all time. And it also provides a useful guide to each country's real strength and nothing could assure of a better preparation for the four-yearly World Cups than this contest.**

## Shortage

Interesting reflection following England's elimination from the European Championship: one of the most frequently advanced excuses for England's failure is the alleged shortage of international matches: "Not enough fixtures to help us in developing team work, or testing new candidates," say the experts. Strange indeed, because in 1971, for instance, NO COUNTRY ON THE CONTINENT HAS PLAYED MORE INTERNATIONALS THAN ENGLAND! Only Scotland, with ten games, performed more often than England, who were engaged in nine games. Out of the 33 countries which belong to UEFA, only the national teams of Russia, West Germany, Greece, Hungary and Sweden equalled the number of matches played by England . . .

*Postscript to the European Cup Final: For all the sneering and jeering about Inter-Milan's methods and their "notorious" defensive tactics, one fact remains inescapable: Inter, who finished fifth in the Italian championship, averaged 1.6 goals per league match. This is exactly the figure reached by the English League champions Derby County, supposedly our most attractive and enterprising team . . .*

# lucrative
# mpionships
# in Europe

Gunter Netzer talks to his manager at Borussia Monchen-Gladbach, Hennes Weisweiler. As a result of the European Championships Netzer has become an International star.

# Anderlecht victory in Final

FOR many years the Belgians were disinterested in the knockout competition that is so popular in England and elsewhere and even now that some semblance of importance appears to be given to the FA Cup it is only as a stepping stone to European competition.

This year's final between RSC Anderlecht and Royal Standard-Liege looked on paper to be an attractive proposition. The two most successful clubs of the post-war era, with Standard the reigning champions and European Cup semi-finalists and Anderlecht the new champions. In the event, however, the match was a wash-out in spite of the English-style singing indulged in by supporters of both clubs intended to liven up their favourites.

A big crowd packed into the Heysel Stadium in Brussels—rarely used these days—and the pitch was in Wembley-like condition. But if there were some useful looking players on view they were handcuffed by the rigid 4-3-3 systems imposed on them by the respective managers, Georg Kessler (Anderlecht) and Rene Hauss (Standard). The roles of the players were so rigid that at each and every moment the respective three lines could be plainly seen.

No system yet devised is perfect and tactics are intended to provide only a broad outline of the way in which teams play, yet in this match they were adhered to with the discipline of guardsmen.

Only two players—one from each side—ever did anything unpredictable: Rensenbrink for Anderlecht, who frequently wandered over to the right where he wrong-footed defenders accustomed to opponents taking them on on the outside; and Henrotay (a much improved player), who several times threw off his midfield shackles and burst upfield in search of goals.

With four defenders at each end against only three front men, this gave both defences a spare man and right from the start the match had all the appearances of a goalless draw. True both sides were without a star player—Jan Mulder being left out of the Anderlecht side because of his dispute with the board—insisting that he be transferred to Ajax, while Standard were without the considerable talent of Van Moer, who sustained a broken leg in the recent Belgium-Italy international.

## Territorial edge

The deadlock was broken only rarely and in a first half in which Anderlecht had a slight territorial edge the only two real openings fell to them. The first came when Ejderstedt dropped back awaiting a corner by Standard and then, receiving a quick clearance, turned and promptly pushed the ball up his line. There, left-winger Rensenbrink had made a good crossfield run in search of a pass and, carrying the ball diagonally across the pitch, he gave Van Himst time to take up a good position on the left before releasing his ball. Van Himst's shot at the near post was capably covered by Piot the Standard international 'keeper.

In the 20th minute the game was won and lost through the natural skills of Paul Van Himst. At his best playing an attacking role from midfield, Van Himst was pushed up the middle in place of Mulder but tightly marked and poorly supported he was only in the game in patches. Quite unexpectedly Dockx won possession in a midfield tackle and promptly pushed the ball forward for Van Himst, who turned with ample space and shook off a tackle from Dewalque. Piot in goal had little alternative but to come off his line and as he did so Van Himst slotted the ball carefully past him.

The rest of the half was played out with predictable boredom and it seems quite apparent that in Belgium the managers have long made it plain that the players stick to the roles they have been given until their orders are changed. This is the only explanation for the fact that good players showed themselves very reluctant to push forward from the back—with or without the ball.

At half-time the orders were apparently changed slightly. Anderlecht, with a goal advantage, seemed to have been instructed to hold what they had while Standard were urged to go looking for an equaliser. The second half therefore saw Standard gaining the upper hand and though they went close to scoring several times, it was not their day. In the opening minutes Heylens blocked a first-time shot from Takac; Thissen went forward to shoot over from 25 yards and Cvetler produced a very fine overhead scissor shot from five yards that Anderlecht 'keeper Ruiter did well to turn over.

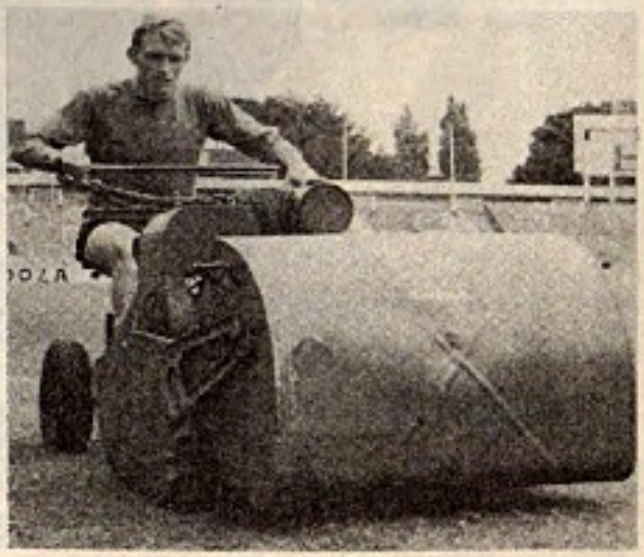
Rensenbrink then broke away for Anderlecht, beating three men in a 50-yard run before being blatantly chopped down. The free-kick came to nothing, as did Anderlecht's appeals for a penalty, then Van Himst was tripped inside the Standard area.

## Clear run

After more Standard pressures, Ejderstedt got away in midfield for the only time in the match—following a miskick by Dolmans that left him with a clean run to goal. Facing the 'keeper at a narrow angle and with three covering defenders, the Swede was never a scorer, but Rensenbrink sprinted 30 yards in search of a reverse pass that never came and looked rightly disgusted when the Swede fired straight at Piot.

Near the end, Takac had had the misfortune to see a worthy effort rebound from a post, but he was brought back by the referee for a free-kick to his side so that even had he scored it wouldn't have counted. So the game petered out without ever really coming to life. Anderlecht won the cup to complete a double and Standard, who made a bid for the treble—league, cup and European Cup—got nothing . . . except a place in the 1972-73 Cup Winners Cup.

This was a game no one will remember for long—an example of the disaster that can overtake the game (as in Italy) if the managers restrain their players too much.



Anderlecht forward Paul Van Himst.

Spartak Trnava's Kuna.

# Slovan slip from grace

**SLOVAN BRATISLAVA have slipped from grace since the restart after the winter break and while their big rivals for the league championship, Spartak Trnava, have been unbeaten in 11 games since the resumption, Slovan have been beaten four times. The result is that what looked like a commanding lead at Christmas has now been converted into a one-point deficit in what is now a two-horse race, with VSS Kosice and Dukla in third and fourth places—only bystanders for the final run in.**

Zilina are the only club to have taken a point from Spartak Trnava in the last month which has been packed with midweek games aimed at completing the league programme in time to allow the national team to play in Brazil's Little World Cup. Watched by 14,000 at Trnava, they held the leaders to a goalless draw and then at home the following week they pulled in a good crowd of 12,000 who saw them do Trnava a great favour by beating Slovan 2-0.

On the same day, Trnava had another hard struggle, this time away to relegation candidates Brno, who, with Inter (Bratislava), have fought a fine rearguard action that seems doomed to failure. Trnava won this duel with a late goal from Fandel, but their best performance was probably to win 2-0 in Prague against Slavia without the considerable services of their internationals Dobias and Kuna. Masrna, their newly discovered (and capped) right-winger, switched to centre-forward and scored in this game.

## Impeccable

**Overall it seems likely that the return of Anton Malatinsky, the man who made Spartak Trnava, has made the vital difference in their league bid and their home record is impeccable with a goals tally of 37 for and only 6 against!**

Meanwhile, Ladislav Novak, the national team boss, is quietly building up his squad, blooding youngsters in not too strenuous tests. After beating Austria 2-0, they travelled to Gothenburg for a joust with Sweden, introducing two young stoppers, Jan Mares and Jan Luza, and winning 2-1 with two second-half goals from Slovan's Jokl.

# Double for Benfica

**FOR years Benfica and their Lisbon neighbours Sporting have dominated the Portuguese game and this season Vitoria Setubal's achievement in slipping into second place is not so much that they have forced their way into the top bracket as the failure of Sporting.**

**Benfica on the other hand have benefited enormously from the blend of English manager Jimmy Hagan with the Latin skills and romped away to win the title with a lead of 10 clear points over Setubal.**

**Benfica, in fact, were almost untouchable—winning 26 of their 30 league games and being beaten only once. This solitary defeat came only three days after their 5-1 beating of Feyenoord in the European Cup and defeat at Burreiro three days later was certainly a reaction to their midweek struggle.**

**Crowning Benfica's success was victory in the FA Cup Final—the third season in succession that Sporting and Benfica have reached the final. A 3-2 win for Benfica not only gave them a double, but also complete revenge for the 1-4 surprise defeat they sustained in the final a year ago.**

**Artur Jorge, the former Academica centre-forward, topped the scorers' list for the second successive year—knocking in 27 goals for Benfica despite being hit by injury in the last few weeks of the championship.**

## Spearhead

**Sharing second place were the FC Porto Brazilian import Flavio and the former Benfica spearhead Torres, transferred in an exchange deal with Vitor Baptista a year ago. Both scored 21 goals, with Torres' feat the more surprising. Top scorer in 1963, he was generally regarded as "finished" when Benfica let him go, but clearly the move to Setubal gave him a new lease of life.**

## Involved

**Half the clubs in Division I spend all their time avoiding relegation—a fact that contributes to the ease with which Benfica or Sporting are allowed to dominate. The relegation issues involved so many teams that they were only resolved on the final day: Academica and Tirsense go down automatically to the regional Second Division, while Leixoes and Beira Mar have to fight relegation battles with the runners-up from each section.**

# CSKA not champs yet

HAVING quite recently been a second-rate soccer nation, the FA officials were naturally delighted to have qualified for the last World Cup, though their indifferent performance in Mexico was something of a let-down. Now it seems that nothing less than consistent success will satisfy them, for after dismissing their national team boss, Dr. Stefan Boskov, after Mexico, his heir has now been replaced.

Vassil Spassov, who took over from Boskov in the autumn of 1970, had a good record at club level and led his country to their first success over Hungary in more than 20 years. But overall he failed—failed to qualify for the final stages of the European Championship — and has been replaced by a former assistant who was previously in charge of the Under-23 XI.

## Deducted

In domestic matters the FA have shown themselves to be more resolute. Receiving information that relegation threatened Gabrovo had attempted to "fix" matches, they held an official inquiry, the result of which is life suspension for the Gabrovo officials concerned and a statutory "fine" of six points deducted from the club's already slender total. This puts them alone at the bottom of the table and virtually booked for relegation.

Only twice this season have the army club, CSKA, faltered in their bid to retain the league title, going down to major rivals Levski shortly before the winter break and then surprisingly failing at Stara Zagora recently where they lost 0-2. Both goals were scored by the young international centre-forward, Petki Petkov, while Jekov was hardly in the game.

## Rivals

This opens up the league race once more for Levski, neighbours and great rivals of CSKA (and still the best supported club), are now only three points behind and they still have a top-of-the-table clash to come amongst the final seven games.

At the other end of the table, international inside - forward Christo Bonev now seems unlikely to spend next season in Division II. His club, Lokomotive Plovdiv, who have struggled unaccountably for months, finally produced three wins in a row to move away from the dropping zone.

Dr. Stefan Boskov, former manager of the Bulgarian National XI.

# Partizan struggle

TWO of the country's big-name clubs, Dinamo Zagreb and Partizan, have improved their performances only marginally since Dinamo sacked Zlatko Cajkowski and Partizan engaged former Ajax star Velibor Vasovic. With only two games left, they are both amongst the also-rans with a shade over one point per game.

Red Star, cup winners last season, remain the only real challenger to the Sarajevo club. Zeljeznicar, beating Maribor 3-0 on a day when Zeljeznicar drew 0-0 against relegation threatened Sutjeska at Niksic, and Vojvodina, the club of the national coach Vujadin Boskov, fell out of the running the same day when they went down 0-3 away to Velez Mostar.

With Red Star on their heels, Zeljeznicar storm on towards their first-ever title in the 50th year of their existence, but it could be a close-run thing. With two matches left, Red Star trail by two points and the third club, OFK Beograd, out of the race six points behind the leaders.

## Success

OFK owe a great deal of their comparative success to the goalscoring feats of their centre-forward Santrac, who recently hit two hat-tricks—at home to Vardar (4-0) and away to Radnicki Kragujevac (6-0). Santrac's present total of 28 goals equals the best-ever post-war performances of joint record-holders Veselinovic of Vojvodina (1957) and Velfl (Dinamo Zagreb), who hit 28 in 1947. In both cases, however, they played fewer games in those days while defences today are better organised.

## Threatened

One big surprise was the cup defeat of holders Red Star, who went out 1-2 to Olimpija of Ljubljana in the quarter-finals. Now, on the brink of the final stages, only two things are certain—Hajduk's performance in winning the championship last year was only a flash in the pan, they are eighth now and have never threatened the leaders this term—and the relegation issue has been settled. Radnicki (Kragujevac) and Maribor go down to Division II.

# Magdeburg's title

Top goal-scorer in East Germany, Hans Jurgen Kreische.

**MAGDEBURG — three times cup winners in recent years — finally clinched their claim to the 1971-72 league championship with a 1-0 win over Vorwaerts Frankfurt, the Army team transferred last summer from Berlin. Having won their first-ever league success, they then went down 0-1 in their last game away to Lokomotive Leipzig, but they still finished three points clear of the runners-up, FC Dynamo Berlin.**

Magdeburg, who were nothing exceptional away from home, won the title on their own ground, where they won all 13 games in the programme with a goals tally of thirty to six.

## Preserved

The relegation battle was not settled until the last day, with Stahl Riesa and the two newly promoted clubs, FC Karl Marx Stadt and Vorwaerts Stralsund, being in difficulties throughout the campaign. Karl Marx Stadt preserved their status for one more term in a last-ditch battle with their rivals, drawing 2-2 away in Riesa in the penultimate round and then on the last day beating Vorwaerts Stralsund 2-0. The two relegated clubs failed to win even one match away from home.

**The surprise of the season was the failure of Dynamo Dresden, who took a cup and league double a year ago with a promising young team. Their failure stems largely from two factors—the variable form of their key schemer-scorer, Hans-Jurgen Kreische—and their inability to score goals away from home. Unbeaten at home, they managed only one away win. Kreische, whose form was so unpredictable, finally finished as the leading goalscorer by hitting four on his own in the last game (one from a penalty) in a 5-2 win over Zwickau to overhaul Magdeburg's Abraham on the last day with a total of 14 goals.**

In the FA Cup Final at Leipzig, a crowd of 33,000 saw Dynamo Dresden, the holders, take an early lead through Dorner, but, though Dynamo had previously been unbeaten in Cup Finals, two goals from Peter Ducke, one on the stroke of half-time, gave FC Carl Zeiss Jena a 2-1 win . . . and the cup.

# SECOND CHANCE FOR PUSKAS

**WHILE the Greek FA presses its policy of backing national coach Billy Bingham, the league programme has been suspended for a trip to Ethiopia, a friendly match with Spain whom Greece will meet later in the World Cup qualifying competition, and the European Under-23 Cup games. The result is that while every other country that does not have a winter break has completed its championship, the Greeks struggle on through what has been a long hard season.**

As always, the championship has been dominated by the big three from Athens and Piraeus—Panathinaikos, Olympiakos and AEK—with Ferenc Puskas and his near international squad setting the pace. With three games left, Panathinaikos have been through a run of nine games without defeat (seven wins, two draws) since they crashed 1-2 to AEK in the local derby and with greater reserve strength they are almost certain to reappear in the European Cup next season.

## Dominated

**Though the talents of the giant centre-forward, Anton Antoniadis, may seem somewhat obscure to the experts—and he has continually proved himself wanting at international level—his goals have played a significant part in his club's success. With 33 already to his credit as against only 18 for Yves Triantafilos (Olympiakos), he seems almost certain to take second place in the chase for Europe's top scoring honour. If he does achieve any distinction in this field, he should share his prize with his team mates Domazos and Elefterakis, the Greek international midfield pair who have provided him with enough chances to treble his total!**

After English coach Alan Ashman had quit Olympiakos, his old club moved into second place at the expense of AEK, who went down 0-1 at Kavala. Panathinaikos recently got a draw there—without the services of Domazos or Antoniadis—and the elevation of the Piraeus club not only dims AEK's chances of European competition next season, but puts a query against the future of their Yugoslav coach Branko Stankovic.

Domazos.

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# WORLD CUP 1974

## AFRICA

**First preliminary round**

**Group 1**
Senegal v. Morocco
Morocco v. Senegal

**Group 2**
2. 3.72 Algeria v. Guinea
12. 3.72 Guinea v. Algeria

**Group 3**
16/18.9.72 AR Egypt v. Tunisia
25. 9.72 Tunisia v. AR Egypt

**Group 4**
15.10.72 Sierra Leone v. Ivory Coast
29.10.72 Ivory Coast v. Sierra Leone

**Group 5**
15.10.72 Kenya v. Sudan
22.10.72 Sudan v. Kenya

**Group 6**
11. 6.72 Mauritius v. Madagascar
18. 6.72 Madagascar v. Mauritius

**Group 7**
Ethiopia v. Tanzania
Tanzania v. Ethiopia

**Group 8**
30. 4.72 Lesotho v. Zambia
4. 6.72 Zambia v. Lesotho

**Group 9**
5. 8.72 Nigeria v. Congo Brazza.
15. 8.72 Congo Brazza. v. Nigeria

**Group 10**
18. 6.72 Dahomey v. Ghana
2. 7.72 Ghana v. Dahomey

**Group 11**
6. 6.72 Togo v. Zaire
20. 6.72 Zaire v. Togo

**Group 12**
Cameroons v. Gabon
Gabon v. Cameroons

## CONCACAF

**First preliminary round**

**Group 1**
USA v. Canada
Canada v. USA
10. 9.72 USA v. Mexico
17. 9.72 Mexico v. USA
Canada v. Mexico
Mexico v. Canada

**Group 2**
16. 7.72 Guatemala v. El Salvador
23. 7.72 El Salvador v. Guatemala

**Group 3**
3.12.72 Honduras v. Costa Rica
10.12.72 Costa Rica v. Honduras

**Group 4**
11. 6.72 Jamaica v. Neth. Antilles
Neth. Antilles v. Jamaica

**Group 5**
15. 4.72 Haiti v. Puerto Rico
26. 9.72 Puerto v. Haiti

**Group 6**
Surinam v. Trinidad
Trinidad v. Surinam
Surinam v. Antigua
Antigua v. Surinam
Trinidad v. Antigua
Antigua v. Trinidad

## EUROPE

**Group 1**
14.11.71 Malta 0, Hungary 2
30. 4.72 Austria v. Malta
6. 5.72 Hungary v. Malta
25. 5.72 Sweden v. Hungary
10. 6.72 Austria v. Sweden
15.10.72 Sweden v. Malta
15.10.72 Austria v. Hungary
25.11.72 Malta v. Austria
29. 4.73 Hungary v. Austria
24. 5.73 Sweden v. Austria
13. 6.73 Hungary v. Sweden
11.11.73 Malta v. Sweden

**Group 2**
8.10.72 Luxembourg v. Italy
21/22.10.72 Switzerland v. Italy
22.10.72 Luxembourg v. Turkey
10.12.72 Turkey v. Luxembourg
10. 3.73 Italy v. Turkey
31. 3.73 Italy v. Luxembourg
15. 4.73 Luxembourg v. Switzerland
9. 5.73 Switzerland v. Turkey
26. 9.73 Switzerland v. Luxembourg
20.10.73 Italy v. Switzerland
18.11.73 Turkey v. Switzerland
22.12.73 Turkey v. Italy

**Group 3**
18. 5.72 Belgium v. Iceland
22. 5.72 Iceland v. Belgium (In Belgium)
2. 8.72 Norway v. Iceland
7. 8.72 Iceland v. Norway
4.10.72 Norway v. Belgium
1.11.72 Netherlands v. Norway
19.11.72 Belgium v. Netherlands
22. 8.73 Netherlands v. Iceland
29. 8.73 Iceland v. Netherlands (In Netherlands)
12. 9.73 Norway v. Netherlands
31.10.73 Belgium v. Norway
18.11.73 Netherlands v. Belgium

**Group 4**
21. 6.72 Finland v. Albania
20. 9.72 Finland v. Rumania
7.10.72 East Germany v. Finland
29.10.72 Rumania v. Albania
8. 4.73 East Germany v. Albania
6. 5.73 Albania v. Rumania
27. 5.73 Rumania v. East Germany
6. 6.73 Finland v. East Germany
26. 9.73 East Germany v. Rumania
10.10.73 Albania v. Finland
14.10.73 Rumania v. Finland
3.11.73 Albania v. East Germany

**Group 5**
17.10.73 England v. Poland
6. 6.73 Poland v. England
24. 1.73 England v. Wales
15.11.72 Wales v. England
26. 9.73 Poland v. Wales
28. 3.73 Wales v. Poland

**Group 6**
Northern Ireland v. Cyprus
29. 3.72 Portugal v. Cyprus
10. 5.72 Cyprus v. Portugal
18.10.72 Bulgaria v. Northern Ireland
19.11.72 Cyprus v. Bulgaria
14. 2.73 Cyprus v. Northern Ireland
28. 3.73 Northern Ireland v. Portugal
2. 5.73 Bulgaria v. Portugal
26. 9.73 Northern Ireland v. Bulgaria
13.10.73 Portugal v. Bulgaria
14.11.73 Portugal v. Northern Ireland
18.11.73 Bulgaria v. Cyprus

**Group 7**
19.10.72 Spain v. Yugoslavia
19.11.72 Yugoslavia v. Greece
17. 1.73 Greece v. Spain
21. 2.73 Spain v. Greece
21.10.73 Yugoslavia v. Spain
19.12.73 Greece v. Yugoslavia

**Group 8**
18.10.72 Denmark v. Scotland
15.11.72 Scotland v. Denmark
2. 5.73 Denmark v. Czechoslovakia
6. 6.73 Czechoslovakia v. Denmark
26. 9.73 Scotland v. Czechslovakia
17.10.73 Czechoslovakia v. Scotland

**Group 9**
2. 9.72 France v. Eire
14.10.72 USSR v. France
24. 4.73 France v. USSR
16. 5.73 Eire v. France
18.10.72 Eire v. USSR
13. 5.73 USSR v. Eire

## SOUTH AMERICA

**Group 1**
Uruguay v. Colombia
Colombia v. Uruguay
Uruguay v. Ecuador
Ecuador v. Uruguay
Colombia v. Ecuador
Ecuador v. Colombia

**Group 2**
Argentina v. Paraguay
Paraguay v. Argentina
Argentina v. Bolivia
Bolivia v. Argentina
Paraguay v. Bolivia
Bolivia v. Paraguay

**Group 3**
29. 4.73 Peru v. Chile
13. 5.73 Chile v. Peru
12. 4.73 Peru v. Venezuela
31. 3.73 Venezuela v. Peru
Chile v. Venezuela
Venezuela v. Chile

Members of the Glasgow Rangers team are pictured training before their Cup Winners Cup Final against Moscow Dynamo in the magnificent Barcelona Stadium.

HURCILAVA Russia (3) and DZAJIC Yugoslavia